THE

BEAUTIES

OF

ENGLISH PROSE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH PROSE:

BEING A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

Moral, Critical, and Entertaining Paſſages,

Diſpoſed in the Manner of

ESSAYS;

And extracted from

ADDISON,	FRANKLYN,	PARNEL,
BLACKSTONE,	GOLDSMITH,	SEED,
BOLINGBROKE,	GREGORY,	SHENSTONE,
BOURKE,	HERVEY,	SMOLLETT,
BROOKES,	HUME,	SOUTH,
BROWNE,	JOHNSON,	STEELE,
CLARKE,	LYTTELTON,	STERNE,
DRYDEN,	MACAULAY,	SWIFT,
FELTON,	ORRERY,	TILLOTSON,
FORDYCE,	POPE,	WARBURTON;

Alſo from the

SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN, CONNOISSEUR, WORLD, ADVENTURER, RAMBLER, and IDLER.

The whole tending to cultivate the Mind, and promote the Practice of Virtue.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——— This opens Wiſdom's ray,
And gives acceſs, tho' ſecret ſhe retires. MILTON.

LONDON,

Printed for *Hawes Clarke* and *Collins*, *S. Crowder*, *B. Law*, and *G. Robinſon*, in *Pater-noſter Row*.

MDCCLXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE utility of the following Collection, designed chiefly for the inſtruction and improvement of the BRITISH Youth of both ſexes, is too obvious to require any apology for its publication. It preſents the Public with a ſelection of the moſt beautiful and admired paſſages in our moſt celebrated Proſe Writers both antient and modern; and is intended not only as a monument of

the excellence and perfection to which ENGLISH literature has arrived, but as a ſtandard, or model, for elegant, correct, and fine writing.

The Work is divided alphabetically into Twenty-three Books; and the ſubjects are arranged in the ſame manner in Chapters and Sections.

Thus, for example, the Chapter on ANGER, which is the xiiith under the Letter A, or Book I. contains Five Sections; the ſubſtance of which is as follows: In Sect. I. we are taught, by an extract from the admired Mr. SEED's Sermons, *that anger weakens the underſtanding.* In Sect. II. the *different ſorts of Anger are conſidered, and proved to diminiſh character*, by the ſame Author. The *fatal conſequences of it* are diſplayed in

Sect.

Sect. III. In Sect. IV. the *excuſes for it* are proved *falſe and groundleſs*; and Sect. V. points out *what perſons are moſt liable to this paſſion.*— Theſe three Sections are taken from the 196th Number of the WORLD.

Under the Article LEARNING, which is divided into four Sections, we are taught in Section I. from the RAMBLER, that *it ſhould be ſometimes applied to cultivate our morals.* In Section II. we learn *its progreſs*, by a quotation from Mr. HUME's ESSAYS, which alſo furniſh the contents of the IIId Section, tending to prove that it is *uſeleſs without taſte*; and in Sect. IV. we are preſented, in an extract from the 94th Number of the IDLER, with its *obſtructions.*

RELI-

RELIGION, which is the laſt Chapter of Book XVII. is branched out into Seven Sections; in the firſt of which we are made acquainted with *its end*, by Dr. CLARKE. In Sect. II. we are entertained with DRYDEN's ſentiments of *Revealed Religion*; and in Sect. III. we are inſtructed by the ſame Writer, that *it is not to be entirely judged by reaſon.* Section IV. is taken up with a beautiful allegory, taken from the ADVENTURER, ſhewing Religion to be *the foundation of content.* Mr. ADDISON, in Sect. V. demonſtrates that it *contributes to our happineſs in this life*; and the Author of the GUARDIAN in Sect. VI. offers arguments to prove that the *chriſtian religion is ſupported by Scripture.* Laſtly, the celebrated Mr. STERNE, in Sect. VII. plainly and fully evinces that it is the *beſt and only ſupport in caſes of real ſtreſs.*

To

To give farther ſpecimens of the manner in which the Compiler has treated the various ſubjects he has ſelected for this Collection, would extend this Preface too far; however, we muſt not omit to obſerve, that he has introduced Eſſays of a humorous and entertaining, as well as of the ſerious and moral kind; that he has occaſionally interſperſed ſeveral uſeful and improving diſquiſitions in polite literature; and that he has endeavoured to give the Young Briton ſome idea of the excellent conſtitution of his country from Dr. Blackſtone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England.*

However, from the analyſis of the Chapters on ANGER, LEARNING and RELIGION, the Reader will be enabled not only to form an opinion of the entertainment and inſtruction he may expect from

from their perusal, but of the judgment and taste displayed in the selection of the subjects and the choice of authors.

From the preceding specimen too it appears, that the Compiler has been peculiarly careful to select those subjects which inculcate the principles of Religion, Virtue, and Morality; at the same time that the elegant diction and classical purity of the stile of the Writers from whose works they were extracted, will contribute to inspire a good literary taste into the younger part of his Readers, to whom this Collection cannot fail on that account of proving highly serviceable.

But it is not to Youth only that these volumes will be found useful; they may claim a place likewise in the libraries of Gentlemen and Scholars, to whom they may

may occaſionally afford ſome aſſiſtance, by preſenting them, at one view, with the ſentiments of the moſt admired Writers in the ENGLISH language, upon ſubjects of Taſte, Learning, and Morality.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH PROSE.

CHAP. I.

ACTIONS HUMAN.

SECT. I.

What the intent of them ſhould be.

IT is the great art and ſecret of Chriſtianity, if I may uſe that phraſe, to manage our actions to the beſt advantage, and direct them in ſuch a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be ſet before us.

In order to give this conſideration its full weight, we may caſt all our actions under the diviſion of ſuch as are in themſelves either good, evil, or indifferent: if we divide our intentions after the ſame manner, and conſider them with regard to our actions, we may diſcover that great art and ſecret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and, joined to an indifferent action, turns to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality, what the fathers, with a witty kind of zeal, have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many shining sins. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or, in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes sin exceeding sinful.

If in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action, and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can; it multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

It

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiouſneſs, (if I may be allowed to call it ſuch) which is recommended us by the apoſtle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propoſe to ourſelves the glory of our Creator, in all our moſt indifferent actions, whether we eat or drink, or whatſoever we do.

A perſon therefore who is poſſeſſed with ſuch an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here ſpeaking of, enters upon no ſingle circumſtance of life without conſidering it as well-pleaſing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reaſon, ſuitable to human nature in general, or to that particular ſtation in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual ſenſe of the Divine Preſence, regards himſelf as acting in the whole courſe of his exiſtence, under the obſervation and inſpection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions, and all his thoughts; who knows his down-ſitting, and his upriſing; who is about his path, and about his bed, and ſpieth out all his ways. In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him, who will hereafter either reward or puniſh it. This was the character of thoſe holy men of old, who, in that beautiful phraſe of ſcripture, are ſaid to have walked with God.

When I employ myſelf upon a paper of morality, I generally conſider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the antient heathens; by that means, if poſſible, to ſhame thoſe who have greater advantages of knowing their duty,

and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better courſe of life: beſides that, many among us are unreaſonably diſpoſed to give a fairer hearing to a pagan philoſopher than to a chriſtian writer.

I ſhall therefore produce an inſtance of this excellent frame of mind in a ſpeech of Socrates, which is quoted by Eraſmus. This great philoſopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poiſon was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a diſcourſe on the immortality of the ſoul, has theſe words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am ſure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to pleaſe him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted of by him." We find in theſe words of that great man, the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philoſopher always acted. I ſhall only add, that Eraſmus, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was ſo much tranſported with this paſſage of Socrates, that he ſcarce could forbear looking upon him as a ſaint, and deſiring him to pray for him; or, as that ingenious and learned writer has expreſſed himſelf in a much more lively manner, "When I reflect on ſuch a ſpeech pronounced by ſuch a perſon, I can ſcarce forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis, O holy Socrates, pray for us."

Spectator by Addiſon, N°. 213.

SECT.

SECT. II.

God the only true judge of all our actions.

IT is the greateſt folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but our outſides, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation; many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhew, and are only viſible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the intire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? that ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? that inward pleaſure and complacency which he feels in doing good? that delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the pro-

ſperity and happineſs of another? Theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting, and ſhewing themſelves in actions; every virtue requires time and place, a proper object, and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence; the patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor, lie concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity; but the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do; he views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action; he diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixed a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which make him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He there-

therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, he is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further, it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfections of ſuch habits; they are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every indifferent ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt intire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections

of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or, though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength, and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo he is the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition: and what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider, that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation, that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, "Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into thy maſter's joy." *Spectator*, N°. 257.

SECT.

SECT. III.

That our actions ſhould correſpond with our words.

WE may deny Chriſt in our actions, and practice; and theſe ſpeak much louder than our tongues: to have an orthodox belief, and a true profeſſion concurring with a bad life, is only to deny Chriſt with a greater ſolemnity. Belief and profeſſion will ſpeak thee a Chriſtian but very faintly, when thy converſation proclaims thee an infidel. Many, while they have preached Chriſt in their ſermons, have read a lecture of atheiſm in their practice. We have many here who ſpeak of godlineſs, mortification, and ſelf-denial; but if theſe are ſo, what means the bleating of the ſheep, and the lowing of the oxen? the noiſe of their ordinary ſins, and the cry of their great ones? If godly, why do they wallow in all the carnalities of the world, under the pretence of Chriſtian liberty? why do they make religion ridiculous by pretending to prophecy, and when their prophecies prove deluſions, why do they blaſpheme? If ſuch are ſelf-deniers, what means the griping, the prejudice, the covetous, and the pluralities preached againſt and retained, and the arbitrary government of many? When ſuch men preach of ſelf-denial and humility, I cannot but think of Seneca, who praiſed poverty, and that very ſafely, in the midſt of his riches and gardens; and even exhorted the world to throw away their gold, perhaps, as one well conjectures, that he might gather it up: ſo theſe deſire men to be humble, that they may domineer without oppoſition. But it is an eaſy matter to commend patience when there is no danger of

any trial; to extol humility in the midſt of honours; to begin a faſt after dinner. But O! how Chriſt will deal with ſuch perſons, when he ſhall draw forth all their actions bare and ſtript from this deceiving veil of their heavenly ſpeeches! He will then ſay, It was not your ſad countenance, nor your hypocritical groaning, by which you did either confeſs or honour me; but your worldlineſs, your luxury, your ſiniſter partial dealing: theſe have denied me; theſe have wounded me; theſe have gone to my heart; theſe have cauſed the weak to ſtumble, and the prophane to blaſpheme; theſe have offended the one, and hardened the other. You have indeed ſpoke me fair, you have ſaluted me with your lips, but even then you betrayed me; depart from me, therefore, you profeſſors of holineſs, but you workers of iniquity.

South's Sermons.

SECT. IV.

That our actions ſhould be well weighed.

AS it were eaſy to evince, both from reaſon and experience, that there is a ſtrange reſtleſs activity in the ſoul of man, continually diſpoſing it to operate, and exert its faculties, ſo the phraſe of ſcripture ſtill expreſſes the life of man by walking, that is, it repreſents an active principle in an active poſture. And becauſe the nature of man carries him thus out to action, it is no wonder if the ſame nature equally renders him ſolicitous about the iſſue and event of his actions; for every one, by reflecting on the way and method of his own workings, will find that

that he is ſtill determined in them by a reſpect to the conſequence of what he does, always proceeding upon this argumentation; If I do ſuch a thing, ſuch an advantage will follow from it, and therefore I will do it: And if I do this, ſuch a miſchief will enſue thereupon, and therefore I will forbear. Every one, I ſay, is concluded by this practical diſcourſe; and for a man to bring his actions to the event propoſed, and deſigned by him, is to walk ſurely. But ſince the event of an action uſually follows the nature or quality of it, and the quality follows the rule directing it, it concerns a man by all means, in the framing of his actions, not to be deceived in the rule which he propoſes for the meaſure of them, which without great and exact caution, he may be, theſe two ways.

1. By laying falſe and deceitful principles.

2. In caſe he lays right principles, yet by miſtaking in the conſequences which he draws from them.

An error in either of which is equally dangerous; for if a man is to draw a line, it is all one whether he does it by a crooked rule, or by a ſtraight one miſapplied. He who fixes upon falſe principles, treads upon infirm ground, and ſo ſinks; and he who fails in his deductions from right principles, ſtumbles upon firm ground, and ſo falls; the diſaſter is not of the ſame kind, but of the ſame miſchief in both.

It muſt be confeſſed, that it is ſometimes very hard to judge of the truth or goodneſs of principles, conſidered barely in themſelves, and abſtracted in their conſequences; but certainly he acts upon the ſureſt and the moſt prudential grounds in the world, who, whether the prin-

ciples which he acts upon prove true or false, yet secures an happy issue to his actions.

South's Sermons.

SECT. V.

That in all our actions we should have an eye to futurity.

BUT for a man to believe it as the most undoubted certainty in the world, that he should be judged according to the quality of his actions here, and after judgment receive an eternal recompence; and yet to take his full swing in all the pleasures of sin, is not a greater phrenzy, than for a man to take a purse at Tyburn, while he is actually seeing another hanged for the same fact? It is really to dare and defy the justice of heaven, to laugh at right-aiming thunderbolts, to puff at damnation, and, in a word, to bid Omnipotence do its worst. He indeed who thus walks, walks securely; but it is because he is sure to be damned.

South's Sermons.

SECT. VI.

Every action aims at some certain end.

I Proposed to shew what power men had over their own actions, with regard to the influence of that light or understanding by which they are to be directed. Every action a man does, every action of any considerable importance in life, every action that is of a moral or immoral nature,

nature, muſt of neceſſity be done with ſome view or other, either upon a good principle or a bad one; for when we ſpeak of men's having no principles at all, the meaning is only that they have no good principles; and that they act entirely upon this one ill principle, of thinking themſelves at liberty from all obligation to regard the eſſential difference of good and evil. Every action (I ſay) of a rational creature, every ſuch action as has any thing of morality or immorality in it, muſt of neceſſity be done with ſome view or other, either upon a good principle or a bad one. Now if men's principles were neceſſarily implanted in their nature, and their actions by a like natural neceſſity followed from their principles, the conſequences then indeed would be, that men had no power at all over their own actions, and conſequently could be no way accountable for what they do. But the truth plainly is this: As the eye or faculty of ſeeing is not at all formed by the power of man; and the light which is the object of ſight is likewiſe what God has made, and has no dependance upon man's will or pleaſure; and therefore men are not anſwerable for having better or worſe organs of ſenſe, or for having more or leſs light, but only for the uſe of thoſe eyes and of that light which they have; ſo with regard to the mind likewiſe, both the internal capacity of underſtanding, and the external means of information, are what God pleaſes to beſtow on every man, and have no dependence on the perſon's own will; and therefore no man is anſwerable for having a larger or ſmaller capacity, or for having more or fewer means of information: but he is accountable for the uſe of that degree of underſtanding,

ing, and for the uſe and abuſe of thoſe means of knowledge, whatſoever they be, which God has thought fit to afford him. A man may ſhut his eyes, and may chuſe darkneſs rather than light; or he may through wilfulneſs of paſſion chuſe to follow a falſe light inſtead of a true one; an imaginary ſpectre inſtead of a reality; or he may put out his eyes, and bring himſelf under a ſort of neceſſity of blindly following ſome guide, who (as it happens) may equally lead him in the right way, or in a wrong one. A man may by negligence, or wilfulneſs, or by love of vice, or by any cuſtomary or habitual ill practice, pervert or blind his own underſtanding. He may, by rejecting the means of diſcovering the truth through his own fault, and not through want of capacity, form to himſelf ill principles inſtead of good ones; or if he never has ſo good principles, yet as ſeeing the way is not neceſſarily walking in it, he may ſuffer himſelf to be tempted to act againſt his principles, to act againſt the reaſon of his own mind, as well as againſt the reaſon and truth of things. Men therefore have a power over their own actions, notwithſtanding all the influence of that light or underſtanding, by which they are to be directed. Nevertheleſs, generally ſpeaking, ſuch as men's principles are, ſuch will be their actions; and he whoſe conduct is directed by ſettled ill principles, will much more conſtantly, and in much greater inſtances, and with effects of much higher malignity, do what is wrong, than he, who having virtuous and good principles, yet in particular caſes fails of keeping up to them in practice.

Clarke's Sermons.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

Actions influenced by faith.

OUR Saviour, in the parable of the ſower, St. Matthew xiii. under the ſimilitude of different ſorts of ground, wherein good ſeed being ſown, brought forth fruit according to the nature of the ſoil; in ſome places plentifully, in others thinly, in others none at all; gives a very emphatical and accurate deſcription of the different effects which the doctrines of true religion, or the teachings and exhortations of virtue, have upon the lives and actions of different ſorts of men. As the ſame ſeed, ſown in a good ſoil or bad, brings forth much fruit or little, or periſhes entirely, or never grows at all; ſo the knowledge of truth, and the inſtructions of righteouſneſs, according to the different diſpoſitions of the minds of thoſe, to whom the arguments of reaſon and the motives of religion are propoſed, are either entirely ſuppreſſed by them and extinguiſhed, or elſe, ſometimes in a greater, ſometimes in a leſs degree, they produce the fruits of virtuous acts and habits, in the courſe of a righteous and religious life: and from thence, throughout the whole ſcriptures, by a figure of ſpeech grounded upon the analogy of this parable, the acts and habits of every moral virtue, founded upon the motives of the goſpel, and ſpringing from the principles of true religion, from the belief of God, and a judgment to come, are expreſſively termed, the fruits of the ſpirit, the natural produce of a mind rightly inſtructed in the doctrines of truth,

and

and directed and influenced in all its actings, by a juſt ſenſe of what is right in itſelf and acceptable to God. *Clarke's Sermons.*

SECT. VIII.

Actions, their uniformity every where.

IT is univerſally acknowledged, that there is a great uniformity amongſt the actions of men, in all nations and ages; and that human nature remains ſtill the ſame, in its principles and operations. The ſame motives always produce the ſame actions: the ſame events follow from the ſame cauſes. Ambition, avarice, ſelf-love, vanity, friendſhip, generoſity, public-ſpirit; theſe paſſions mixed in various degrees, and diſtributed through ſociety, have been, from the beginning of the world, and ſtill are, the ſources of all the actions and enterprizes that have been obſerved amongſt mankind. Would you know the ſentiments, inclinations, and courſe of life of the Greeks and Romans? ſtudy well the temper and actions of the French and Engliſh: you cannot be much miſtaken in transferring to the former moſt of the obſervations you have made with regard to the latter. Mankind are ſo much the ſame in all times and places, that hiſtory informs us of nothing true or ſtrange in this particular: its chief uſe is only to diſcover the conſtant and univerſal principles of human nature, by ſhewing men in all varieties of circumſtances and ſituations, and furniſhing us with materials, from which we may form our obſervations, and become acquainted with the regular ſprings of human action and behaviour. The records of wars,

wars, intrigues, factions and revolutions, are ſo many collections of experiments, by which the politician or moral philoſopher fixes the principles of his ſcience; in the ſame manner as the phyſician or natural philoſopher becomes acquainted with the nature of plants, minerals, and other external objects, by the experiments which he forms concerning them: nor are the earth and other elements examined by Ariſtotle and Hippocrates more like thoſe which at preſent lie under our obſervation, than the men deſcribed by Polybius and Tacitus are to thoſe that now govern the world.

Should a traveller, returning from a far country, bring us an account of men entirely different from any we were ever acquainted with; men, who were entirely diveſted of avarice, ambition, or revenge; who knew no pleaſure but friendſhip, generoſity, and public ſpirit; we ſhould immediately from theſe circumſtances detect the falſhood, and prove him a liar, with the ſame certainty as if he had ſtuffed his narration with ſtories of centaurs and dragons, miracles and prodigies: and if we would explode any forgery in hiſtory, we cannot make uſe of a more convincing argument than to prove, that the actions aſcribed to any perſon are directly contrary to the courſe of nature; and that no human motives in ſuch circumſtances, could ever induce him to ſuch a conduct. The veracity of Quintus Curtius is as ſuſpicious, when he deſcribes the ſupernatural courage of Alexander, by which he was hurried on ſingly to attack multitudes, as when he deſcribes his ſupernatural force and activity, by which he was able to reſiſt them. *Hume's Eſſays.*

SECT.

SECT. IX.

The driſt of ſome actions imperceptible.

I Grant it poſſible to find ſome actions which ſeem to have no regular or uniform connection with any known motives; and are exceptions to all the meaſures of conduct which have ever been eſtabliſhed for the government of men: but, if we would willingly know what judgment ſhould be formed of ſuch irregular and extraordinary actions, we may conſider the ſentiments that are commonly entertained with regard to thoſe irregular events, which appear in the courſe of nature, and the operations of external objects. All cauſes are not conjoined to their uſual effects with like conſtancy and uniformity: an artificer who only handles dead matter, may be diſappointed of his ſcope and aim, as well as the politician, who directs the conduct of ſenſible and intelligent agents. *Hume's Eſſays.*

SECT. X.

Many of our actions apparently neceſſitated.

THE mutual dependence of men is ſo great in all ſocieties, that ſcarce any human action is entirely compleat in itſelf, or is performed without ſome reference to the actions of others, which are requiſite to make it anſwer fully the intention of the agent. The pooreſt artificer, who labours alone, expects at leaſt the protection of the magiſtrate, to enſure the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour. He alſo expects that when he

he carries his goods to market, and offers them at a reaſonable price, he ſhall find buyers, and ſhall be able by the money he acquires to engage others to ſupply him with thoſe commodities which are requiſite for his ſubſiſtence. In proportion as men's dealings are more extenſive, and their intercourſe with others more complicated, they always comprehend in their ſchemes of life a greater variety of voluntary actions, which they expect from their proper motives to co-operate with their own. In all theſe concluſions, they take their meaſures from paſt experience, in the ſame manner as in their reaſonings concerning external objects; and firmly believe that men, as well as all the elements, are to continue in their operations the ſame which they have ever found them. A manufacturer reckons upon the labour of his ſervants for the execution of any work, as much as upon the tools he employs; and would be equally ſurprized in the one caſe, were his expectations diſappointed, as in the other. In ſhort, this experimental inference and reaſoning concerning the actions of others enters ſo much into human life, that no man, while awake, is ever a moment without employing it. Have we not reaſon therefore to affirm, that all mankind have always agreed in the doctrine of neceſſity, according to the foregoing definition and explanation of it? *Hume's Eſſays.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

ADMIRATION.

SECT. I.

Admiration of the Divine Being implanted in human nature.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that part of the pleaſure which happy minds ſhall enjoy in a future ſtate, will ariſe from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine wiſdom in the government of the world, and a diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing ſteps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing ſeems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we conſider that curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing paſſions; and what a perpetual ſucceſſion of enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a ſcene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our view in the ſociety of ſuperior ſpirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a proſpect.

Spectator, N°. 237.

SECT. II.

That the admiration of an object leſſens in proportion as we approach it.

WE may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear

hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which inclines us to a deſire of fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes, as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

Spectator, N°. 256.

SECT. III.

Admiration, how ſuſtained by a great character.

I Take it to be the higheſt inſtance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without diſcovering in a man's behaviour any conſciouſneſs that he is ſuperior to the reſt of the world: or to ſay it otherwiſe, it is the duty of a great perſon ſo to demean himſelf, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himſelf upon no qualities, but ſuch as any man may arrive at; he ought to think no man valuable but for his public ſpirit, juſtice, and integrity, and all other endowments to be eſteemed only as they contribute to the exerting thoſe virtues. Such a man, if he be wiſe or valiant, knows it is of no conſideration to other men that he is ſo, but as he employs thoſe high talents for their uſe and ſervice. He who affects the applauſe

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and addreſſes of a multitude, or aſſumes to himſelf a pre-eminence upon any other conſideration, muſt ſoon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conſcious of it; but the ſenſe that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that ſuperiority amiable which would otherwiſe be invidious: in this light it is conſidered as a thing in which every man bears a ſhare; it annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner to him who is poſſeſſor of it; and all men who are ſtrangers to him, are naturally incited to indulge a curioſity, in beholding the perſon, behaviour, feature, and ſhape of him, in whoſe character, perhaps, each man had formed ſome thing in common with himſelf. *Spectator*, N°. 340.

SECT. IV.

Admiration, a motion of the ſoul neceſſary to our happineſs.

ONE of the final cauſes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this: The Supreme Author of our being has ſo formed the ſoul of man, that nothing but himſelf can be its laſt adequate and proper happineſs; becauſe, therefore, a great part of our happineſs muſt ariſe from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our ſouls a juſt reliſh of ſuch a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehenſion of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleaſing motion of the mind, immediately riſes at the conſideration of any object that takes up a great deal

deal of room in the fancy, and by conſequence will improve to the higheſt pitch of aſtoniſhment and devotion, when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumſcribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a ſecret pleaſure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the purſuit after knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the wonders of the creation; for every new idea brings ſuch a pleaſure along with it, as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquiſitions, and conſequently ſerves as a motive to put us upon freſh diſcoveries. *Spectator*, N°. 413.

CHAP. III.

ADVERSITY.

SECT. I.

The pang of it leſſens by compariſon. Exemplified in the hiſtory of Joſeph and his brethren.

WHEN the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and paſſions, the beſt method of bringing it to its uſual ſtate of tranquility, is, as much as we poſſibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adverſities of perſons of higher conſideration in virtue or merit than ourſelves: by this means all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, ſeem to be the effect

effects of juſtice upon our faults and indiſcretions. When thoſe whom we know to be excellent, and deſerving of a better fate, are wretched, we cannot but reſign ourſelves, whom the moſt of us know to merit a much worſe ſtate than that we are placed in. For ſuch and many other occaſions, there is an admirable relation, which one might recommend as certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and approve the heart of man. Tully ſays, ſomewhere, The pleaſures of an huſbandman are next to thoſe of a philoſopher: in like manner one may ſay, (for methinks they bear the ſame proportion one to another) The pleaſures of humanity are next to thoſe of devotion. In both theſe latter ſatisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the ſoul above its ordinary ſtate: at the ſame time that it leſſens our value of ourſelves, it enlarges our eſtimation of others. The hiſtory I am going to ſpeak of, is that of Joſeph in holy writ, which is related with ſuch majeſtic ſimplicity, that all the parts ſtrike us with ſtrong touches of nature and compaſſion; and he muſt be a ſtranger to both who can read it with attention, and not be overwhelmed with the viciſſitudes of joy and ſorrow. I hope it will be no profanation to tell it one's own way here, that they who may be unthinking enough to be more frequently readers of ſuch papers as this than of ſacred writ, may be adverti ſed that the greateſt pleaſures the imagination can be entertained with, are to be found there, and that even the ſtile of the ſcriptures is more than human.

Joſeph, a beloved child of Iſrael, became invidious to his elder brethren, for no other reaſon but his ſuperior beauty and excellence of body and

and mind, inſomuch that they could not bear his growing virtue, and let him live; they therefore conſpire his death: but nature pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him in the heart of one of them, that by his perſuaſion they determined rather to bury him in a pit, than be his immediate executioners with their own hands. When thus much was obtained for him, their minds ſtill ſoftened towards him, and they took the opportunity of ſome paſſengers to ſell him into Egypt. Iſrael was perſuaded by the artifice of his ſons, that the youth was torn to pieces by wild beaſts: but Joſeph was ſold to ſlavery, and ſtill expoſed to new misfortunes from the ſame cauſe as before, his beauty and his virtue. By a falſe accuſation he was committed to priſon; but in proceſs of time delivered from it, in conſideration of his wiſdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's houſe. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were ſent into Egypt to buy neceſſaries of life, in a famine. As ſoon as they are brought into his preſence, he beholds, but he beholds with compaſſion the men who had ſold him to ſlavery, approaching him with awe and reverence. While he was looking over his brethren, he takes a reſolution to indulge himſelf in the pleaſure of ſtirring theirs and his own affections, by keeping himſelf concealed, and examining into the circumſtances of their family: for this end, with an air of ſeverity, as a watchful miniſter to Pharaoh, he accuſes them as ſpies, who are come into Egypt with deſigns againſt the ſtate. This led them into the account which he wanted of them, the condition of their antient father and little brother, whom

they had left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was living, he demands the bringing him into Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour to attempt laying this excellent repreſentation of the paſſions of man in the ſame colours as they appear in the ſacred writ, in any other manner, or almoſt any other words, than thoſe made uſe of in the page itſelf; I am obliged therefore to turn my deſigned narration rather into a comment upon the ſeveral parts of that beautiful and paſſionate ſcene. When Joſeph expects to ſee Benjamin, how natural and how forcible is the reflection, "This affliction is come upon us, in that we ſaw the anguiſh of our brother's ſoul without pity?" How moving muſt it be to Joſeph to hear Reuben accuſe the reſt, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and diſtreſs? He turns from them and weeps, but commands his paſſions ſo far as to give orders for binding one of them in the preſence of the reſt, while he at leiſure obſerved their different ſentiments and concern in their geſture and countenance When Benjamin is demanded in bondage for ſtealing the cup, with what force and with what reſignation does Judah addreſs his brother?

"In what words ſhall I ſpeak to my lord? With what confidence can I ſay any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we ſubmit to our fate; we are my lord's ſervants, both we and he alſo with whom the cup is found." When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole ſtory? and approaching nearer to Joſeph, delivers himſelf as follows, which, if we

we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and judge, it is impoſſible to read without tears.

"SIR,

"Let me intrude ſo far upon you, even in the high condition in which you are, and the miſerable one in which you ſee me and my brethren, to inform you of the circumſtances of us unhappy men that proſtrate ourſelves before you. When we were firſt examined by you, you enquired, (for what reaſon my lord enquired, we know not) but you enquired, whether we had not a father or brother? We then acquainted you that we had a father, an old man, who had a child of his old age, and had buried another ſon, whom he had by the ſame woman. You were pleaſed to command us to bring the child he had remaining down to you. We did ſo, and he has forfeited his liberty. But my father ſaid to us, "You know that my wife bare me two ſons: one of them was torn in pieces; if miſchief befal this alſo, it will bring my grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave." Accept therefore, oh my lord! me for your bondman, and let the lad return with his brethren, that I may not ſee the evil that ſhall come on my father."—Here Joſeph's paſſion grew too great for further diſguiſe, and he reveals himſelf with exclamations of tranſport and tenderneſs.

After their recovery from their firſt aſtoniſhment, his brethren were ſeized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generouſly does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them: "Be not angry with yourſelves for ſelling me hither; call it not ſo;

but think Providence ſent me before you to preſerve life."

It would be endleſs to go through all the beauties of this ſacred narrative; but any who ſhall read it at an hour when he is diſengaged from all other regards or intereſts than what ariſe from it, will feel the alternate paſſions of a father, a brother, and a ſon, ſo warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himſelf (in ſuch of thoſe characters as happen to be his) much above the ordinary courſe of his life.

Tatler, No. 233.

SECT. II.

Society neceſſary to conſole in adverſity.

IT is allowable, nay it is commendable, for us to feel a generous movement of ſoul, and to be touched with the diſtreſſes of other people; and certainly it cannot be blameable for us to be grieved at our own misfortunes: nay, I do not know, but grief in ſome caſes is ſo far from being blameable, that it may be even neceſſary, to take off any hardneſs of heart, and to make it more pliant and ductile, by melting it down. If our ſelf-feeling be the foundation of our fellow-feeling; then, as reaſon can ſhine out in its full ſtrength, the virtues of humanity and tender-heartedneſs will ſhoot up, as from a willing ſoil, in a mind prepared and ſoftened by grief, like the tender graſs ſpringing out of the earth by clear ſhining after rain. However that be, the firſt ſtarts and ſallies of grief under any calamity, are always at leaſt pardonable; it is only a long and continued courſe of grief, when the ſoul refuſes to be comforted,

comforted, that is inexcuſable; when it bears no proportion to its real cauſe; when it tinctures our whole way of thinking, and deſtroys the reliſh of our being; when the hours, too ſwift in their career during our proſperity, lag heavy and tedious, as if they were to us, what we are to ourſelves, an inſupportable burthen; when the wheel of Time ſeems clogged, and to drag along with a ſlow encumbered motion through the foul and rugged way of Adverſity, which glided ſwiftly over a ſmooth and pleaſant ſurface. The paſſions and appetites ceaſe to be clamorous and importunate in their demands; the activity of the ſoul is deadened, and all its powers ſtand ſtill, all but thoſe of the imagination, which is then moſt buſy to heighten real grievances, and to call things that are not, as though they were; to call up a thouſand groundleſs apprehenſions and idle ſorrows which have no being but in thought, and then to diſturb itſelf as if they were ſo many realities. And it always works more ſtrongly, in proportion to the weakneſs and emptineſs of the mind. For which reaſon it is not good for ſuch perſons, in ſuch a forlorn and diſconſolate ſtate, to be alone; for the imagination of ſuch men, in ſolitude, where reaſon has left a vacant ſpace, will be ſure to people the void with creatures of its own, with ghaſtly chimæras, viſionary perplexities, and ſpectres of horror and diſtreſs.

Seed's Sermons.

SECT. III.

The view of eternity a comfort in adverſity.

CONSIDER that the bleſſings you enjoy are the free gifts of God; but the calamities you ſuffer are the juſt wages of ſin. And yet perhaps you are inſenſible of, and ungrateful for, the former, though unmerited favours; while you murmur and repine at the latter, which you have full deſerved.

Think how many are more miſerable than you. Think at the ſame time that you are curſing the day of your birth, or wiſhing that of your death, upon the account, it may be, of ſome trifling loſs or diſappointment; how many are perhaps dying of poverty and a broken heart, or are living, (but had better be dead) abandoned to extreme want and deſpair; how many may at once be ſinking into the devouring deep, with thoughts more diſturbed and embroiled than the deep itſelf; wondering, but there is none to ſave; looking, but there is none to uphold. And whatever misfortune you labour under, be thankful to God for one ineſtimable advantage, that you ſtill have power and opportunity to ſecure the greateſt bleſſing of all, everlaſting life: An advantage that thouſands want, who may, this inſtant, be lying under the agonies of a death-bed repentance, juſt ready to plunge into the depths of unutterable woe. What would theſe poor wretches give, that they were in your condition!

Seed's Sermons.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

ADVICE.

SECT. I.

Advice at beſt but an unthankful office.

AMONG the many employments I am neceſſarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the moſt unwelcome to me. And indeed I am forced to uſe a little art in the matter; for ſome people will aſk counſel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is ſtill on the deliberation. I had almoſt loſt a very good friend, Father Day, who came to know how I liked his deſign to marry ſuch a lady. I anſwered, "By no means; and I muſt be poſitive againſt it, for very ſolid reaſons, which are not proper to communicate." "Not proper to communicate? ſaid he with a grave air; I will know the bottom of this." I ſaw him moved, and I knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by ſaying, "To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living, I would have her myſelf." "Iſaac, ſaid he, thou art too late, for we have been both one theſe two months." I learned this caution by a gentleman's conſulting me formerly about his ſon. He railed at his damned extravagance, and told me, in a very little time he would beggar him with his exorbitant bills, which came from Oxford every quarter. "Make the rogue bite the bridle, ſaid I; pay none of his bills, it will but encou-

rage him to farther treſpaſſes." He looked plaguy ſour at me. His ſon ſoon after ſent up a paper of verſes, forſooth in print, on the laſt publick occaſion; upon which he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of ſpirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, leſt he take ill courſes. Neither father nor ſon can ever ſince endure the ſight of me. Theſe ſort of people aſk opinions only out of the fulneſs of their heart on the ſubject of their perplexity, and not from a deſire of information. There is nothing ſo eaſy as to find out which opinion the perſon in doubt has a mind to; therefore the ſure way is to tell him, that is certainly to be choſen. Then you are to be very clear and poſitive; leave no handle for ſcruple: "Bleſs me, Sir! there's no room for a queſtion:" This rivets you into his heart, for you at once applaud his wiſdom and gratify his inclination.

Tatler, No. 25.

SECT. II.

The TATLER's *Advice to his ſiſter* Jenny; *a good leſſon for young ladies.*

MY brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for ſome days, my ſiſter Jenny ſent me word ſhe would come and dine with me, and therefore deſired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her eyes, the air of her countenance, that

that ſhe had abundance of ſatisfaction in her heart, which ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her diſcourſe her own way, and reduced her to a thouſand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her huſband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own accord: "My huſband, ſays ſhe, gives his humble ſervice to you;" to which I only anſwered, "I hope he is well;" and without waiting for a reply, fell into other ſubjects. She at laſt was out of all patience, and ſaid, with a ſmile and manner that I thought had more beauty and ſpirit than I had ever obſerved before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been ſo ill-natured. You have ſeen ever ſince I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my huſband, and you will not be ſo kind as to give me an occaſion." "I do not know, ſaid I, but it might be a diſagreeable ſubject to you. You do not take me for ſo old-faſhioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the diſcourſe of her huſband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She ſhewed a little diſlike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Diſtaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleaſed with the change in her humour, and upon talking with her on ſeveral ſubjects, I could not but fancy that I ſaw a great deal of her huſband's way and manner in her remarks, her phraſes, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, not

only becauſe I had found her an huſband from whom ſhe could learn many things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible ſign that ſhe entirely loved him. This is an obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural ſlyneſs of her ſex hindered her from telling me the greatneſs of her own paſſion, but I eaſily collected it from the repreſentation ſhe gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus, ſays ſhe, that I can wiſh for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good huſband), the fondneſs of a lover, the tenderneſs of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It tranſported me to ſee her eyes ſwimming in tears of affection when ſhe ſpoke. "And is there not, dear ſiſter, ſaid I, more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, aſſemblies and equipage, which it coſt me ſo much pains to make you contemn?" She anſwered ſmiling, "Tranquillus has made me a ſincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midſt of all my ſatisfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at preſent. You know, brother Bickerſtaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one ſecret in your art to make your ſiſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were miſtreſs of all the worlds you have ſhewn me in a ſtarry night." "Jenny, ſaid I, without having

recourſe

recourſe to magick, I ſhall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has ſo great a paſſion for you, and is of ſo equal and reaſonable a temper as Tranquillus; Endeavour to pleaſe, and you muſt pleaſe. Be always in the ſame diſpoſition as you are when you aſk for this ſecret, and you may take my word, you will never want it: an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it inviſible.

Tatler, 104.

SECT. III.

No way of adviſing more palatable than fable.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us, as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or ideots; we conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which any one ſhews for our good, on ſuch an occaſion, as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that, in comparing us with himſelf, he thinks us either defective in our conduct or our underſtanding: for theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable. And indeed, all the writers, both antient and modern, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection

at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable! Some convey their inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt harmonious numbers; ſome in points of wit, and others in proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes moſt univerſally, is fable, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving advice, it excels all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the firſt place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves, we peruſe the author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions than his inſtructions; the moral inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurprize, and become wiſer and better unawares; in ſhort, by this method, a man is ſo over-reached, as to think he is directing himſelf, while he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed as when ſhe exerts herſelf in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the ſoul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable; for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery

diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the time in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer: it is no wonder therefore, that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with itſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it: for this reaſon the Abſalom and Achitophel was one of the moſt popular poems that ever appeared in Engliſh. The poetry indeed is very fine; but had it been much finer, it would not have much pleaſed without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

The oblique manner of giving advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into antient hiſtories, we find the wiſe men of old very often choſe to give counſel to their kings in fables. To omit which, as many will occur to every one's memory, there is a very pretty inſtance of this nature in a Turkiſh tale, which I do not like the worſe for that oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and devaſtation, and half unpeopled the Perſian empire. The viſier to this great ſultan, (whether an humouriſt or an enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a derviſe to underſtand the language of birds; ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree, that grew near an old wall

wall out of a heap of rubbiſh. "I would fain know, ſays the Sultan, what thoſe two owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to their diſcourſe, and give me an account of it." The viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir, ſays he, I have heard part of their converſation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had ſaid. "You muſt know then, ſaid the viſier, that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now on a treaty of marriage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I conſent to this marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion; to which the father of the daughter replied, Inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud! whilſt he reigns over us, we ſhall never want ruined villages."

The ſtory ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I ſhall add a moſt ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no leſs a philoſopher than Democritus, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a ſerpent of ſuch wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it ſhould be ſkilled in the language of birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid

ſaid to one another. Whether the derviſe abovementioned might not have eat ſuch a ſerpent, I ſhall leave to the determination of the learned.

Spectator, N°. 512.

CHAP. V.

ADULTERY.

SECT. I.

A crime deſerving the deepeſt puniſhment. An affecting ſtory on that head.

I have heard it objected, by ſeveral perſons, againſt my papers, that they are apt to kindle love in young hearts, and inflame the ſexes with a deſire of one another: I am ſo far from denying this charge, that I ſhall make no ſcruple to own it is the chief end of my writing. Love is a paſſion of the mind (perhaps the nobleſt) which was planted in it by the ſame hand that created it. We ought to be ſo far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we ſhould rather make it our buſineſs to keep it up and cheriſh it. Our chief care muſt be to fix this, as well as our other paſſions, upon proper objects, and to direct it to a right end.

For this reaſon, as I have ever ſhewn myſelf a friend to honourable love, I have conſtantly diſcountenanced all vicious paſſions. Though the ſeveral ſorts of theſe are each of them highly criminal,

criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another man's bed is by far of the blackeſt dye.

The excellent author of the Whole Duty of Man has given us a very lively picture of this crime, with all thoſe melancholy circumſtances that muſt neceſſarily attend it. One muſt indeed wonder to ſee it puniſhed ſo lightly among civilized nations, when even the moſt barbarous have regarded it with the utmoſt horror and deteſtation. I was lately entertained with a ſtory to this purpoſe, which was told me by one of my friends, who was himſelf upon the place when the thing happened.

In an out plantation on the borders of Patuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was maſter of a great number of ſlaves. The increaſe of theſe poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born ſlaves; for which reaſon the owners are very well pleaſed, when any of them marry. Among theſe Negroes there happened to be two, who had always lived together, and contracted an intimate friendſhip, which went on for ſeveral years in an uninterrupted courſe. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was intire; diſtruſt and ſuſpicion they had no notion of. The one was a batchelor; the other married to a ſlave of his own complexion, by whom he had ſeveral children. It happened that the head of this ſmall family roſe early one morning on a leiſure-day, to go far into the woods a-hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with ſome proviſions better than ordinary. The batchelor ſlave, it ſeems, had for a long time entertained a paſſion for his

friend's

friend's wife; which, from the ſequel of the ſtory we may conclude, he had endeavoured to ſtifle, but in vain: the impatience of his deſires prompted him to take this opportunity, of the huſband's abſence, to practiſe upon the weakneſs of the woman; when accordingly he did, and was ſo unfortunate as to ſucceed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than uſual, returned ſome hours ſooner than was expected, loaden with the ſpoils of the day, and full of the pleaſing thoughts of feaſting and rejoicing with his family over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his ſhed, the firſt objects that ſtruck his eyes, were his wife and his friend aſleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the paſſions of human nature will eaſily conceive the aſtoniſhment, the rage, and deſpair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once: he burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and tore his hair like one diſtracted. His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple; whoſe ſhame and confuſion were equal to the agonies of the injured. After a conſiderable pauſe of ſilence on both ſides, he expoſtulated with his friend in terms like theſe: "My wrongs are greater than I can expreſs; and far too great for me to bear. My wife!—but I blame not her. After a long and laſting friendſhip, exerciſed under all the hardſhips and ſeverities of a moſt irkſome captivity; after mutual repeated inſtances of affection and fidelity; could I ſuſpect my friend, my boſom-friend ſhould prove a traitor? I thought myſelf happy even in bondage, in the enjoyment of ſuch a friend and ſuch a wife; but cannot bear the thoughts of life with liberty, after having been ſo baſely betrayed

trayed by both. You both are loſt to me, and I to you. I ſoon ſhall be at reſt; live and enjoy your crime. Adieu." Having ſaid this, he turned and went out, with a reſolution to die immediately. The guilty Negro followed him, touched with the quickeſt ſenſe of remorſe for his treachery. "'Tis I alone that am guilty; and I alone who am not fit to live: let me intreat you to forgive your wife, who was overcome by my importunities. I promiſe to give neither of you the leaſt diſquiet for the future: live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this night, and to-morrow you ſhall be ſatisfied." Here they both wept and parted. When the huſband went out in the morning to his work, the firſt thing he ſaw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabbin-door.

If the wretches of this nation who ſet up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorſe of this poor ſlave, upon the like occaſions, we ſhould, I fear, have much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

The Lover, N°. 36.

SECT. II.

Adultery directed in the Bible.

IN the reign of king Charles the firſt, the Company of Stationers, into whoſe hands the printing of the Bible was then committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions: for inſtead of "Thou ſhalt not commit adultery," they printed off ſeveral thouſands of copies with "Thou ſhalt commit adultery."

adultery." Archbiſhop Laud, to puniſh this their negligence, laid a conſiderable fine upon that Company in the Star-chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates of both ſexes are poſſeſſed of this ſpurious edition of the Bible, and obſerve the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the firſt ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Chriſtian aſſemblies, notwithſtanding they might ſeek it with tears, and all the appearance of the moſt unfeigned repentance.

Spectator, N°. 579.

CHAP. VI.

AFFECTATION.

SECT. I.

Hurtful to a reſpectable character. How to be avoided.

AFFECTATION, ariſing from an ill governed conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at in looſe and trivial minds: but when you ſee it reign in characters of worth and diſtinction, it is what you cannot but lament; not without ſome indignation, that it creeps into the heart of the wiſe man, as well as that of the coxcomb. When you

you ſee a man of ſenſe look about for applauſe, and diſcover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incenſe even from thoſe whoſe opinion he values in nothing but in his own favour; who is ſafe againſt this weakneſs? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt way to get clear of ſuch a light fondneſs for applauſe, is to take all poſſible care to throw off the love of it upon occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praiſe from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's perſons, dreſs, and bodily deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but loſe their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them ſuch.

Spectator, N°. 38.

SECT. II.

Affectation ſtamps the Coxcomb.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain uſe and purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled courſe and ſphere of action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the diſpoſitions of ſociety: the civil œconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either caſe the breach of but one link puts the whole in ſome diſorder. It is, I think, very plain, that moſt of the abſurdity and ridicule we meet in this world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of

of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never deſigned them.

Every one has one or more qualities which may make him more uſeful both to himſelf and others; Nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under her guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his way, and then offers herſelf for a guide in what remains of the journey. If he proceeds in that courſe, he can hardly miſcarry. Nature ſeldom miſtakes in her engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the misfortune is, men deſpiſe what they may be maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for: they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their genius inclines them to, and ſo bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach: thus they deſtroy the uſe of their natural talents, in the ſame manner as covetous men do their quiet and repoſe; they can enjoy no ſatisfaction in what they have, becauſe of the abſurd inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good ſenſe, a great memory, and a conſtitution capable of the cloſeſt application; in a word, there was no profeſſion in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure. This won't ſatisfy him; he takes up an unaccountable fondneſs for the character of a fine gentleman: all his thoughts are bent upon this. Inſtead of attending a diſſection, frequenting the courts of juſtice, or ſtudying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dreſſes, and ſpends his time in drawing-rooms; inſtead of being a good lawyer, divine, or phyſician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that

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knew him, a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of one's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and an hot-bed: we may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely sallad; but how weak, how tasteless, and insipid! Just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio. Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true that there was but one: Valerio has no genius for poetry; yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town, that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? Tully would not stand so much alone upon oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæsar in war. To build upon nature is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order, as it were of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the muses; they piously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded.

rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modeſty and ingenious virtue would ſurely have made but an indifferent figure; and Tully's defamatory inclination would have been as uſeleſs in poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt courſe, but will do nothing by compulſion and conſtraint; and if we are not ſatisfied to go her way, we are always the greateſt ſufferers by it.

Spectator, N°. 404.

SECT. III.

Affectation of vice equally common and ridiculous.

AS bad as the world is, I find by very ſtrict obſervation upon virtue and vice, that if men appear no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs work than at preſent. I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They generally have taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-houſe I ſtood by a young heir, with a freſh, ſanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps, and his diet-drink, though to my knowledge he is as ſound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that ſubject; and I obſerved the fantaſtical humour to be ſo general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or leſs tainted with it. The firſt of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health, but complain of want of ſtomach or reſt every day till noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty

Dainty is convinced, that it is neceſſary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preſerve that character, ſhe dines every day in her cloſet at twelve, that ſhe may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the faſhion to be ſhort-ſighted. A man would not own an acquaintance till he had firſt examined him with his glaſs. At a lady's entrance into a play-houſe, you might ſee tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and ſide-boxes: however, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its ſight. But the blind ſeem to be ſucceeded by the lame, and a jaunty limp is the preſent beauty. I think I have formerly obſerved, a cane is part of the dreſs of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he ſhould be thought to have any occaſion for it, or be eſteemed really and not genteelly a cripple. I have conſidered, but never found out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gaſcon general, who by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his ſtocking, took occaſion to halt all his life after; but as for our cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be ſuppoſed that in this warlike age, ſome think a cane an honour to a wooden leg. This ſort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of liſpers, ſince perſons who took an averſion to particular letters in our language: ſome never uttered the letter *h*, and others had as mortal an averſion to *s*. Others have their faſhionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whoſe table

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is every day ſurrounded with flatterers, who makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the faſhion in his court to carry their heads on one ſide, when they came into the preſence. One who thought to outſhine the whole court, carried his head ſo over complaiſantly, that this martial prince gave him ſo great a box on the ear as ſet all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheiſtically all day in coffee-houſes, and in his degrees of underſtanding ſets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he ſays his prayers every morning and evening.

There are many, many of theſe evils which demand my obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too ſatyrical, I ſhall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true but falſe Hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts.

Tatler, N°. 77.

SECT. IV.

Affectation the ſource of folly, and the juſt object of ridicule.

MOST people complain of Fortune; few of Nature: and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injuſtice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power of ſuch and ſuch, is the common expoſtulation with Fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of ſuch and ſuch others, is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that Nature, ſeldom profuſe, and ſeldom niggardly, has diſtributed her gifts more equally than ſhe is generally ſuppoſed to have done. Education and ſituation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occaſions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may uſe that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæſars, Cromwells and Marlboroughs, at the plough tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the ſoil muſt be cultivated, and the ſeaſons favourable, for the fruit to have all its ſpirit and flavour.

If ſometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the ſcales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoiſe of vanity, which never fails to ſet all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reſerve,

reſerve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus ſatisfied with the diſpenſations of Nature, how few liſten to her voice? How few follow her as a guide? In vain ſhe points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation and faſhion aſſume her ſhape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

Theſe deviations from nature are often attended by ſerious conſequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite obſervation, That people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not. Affectation is the only ſource, and at the ſame time, the only juſtifiable object of ridicule. No man whatſoever, be his pretenſions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without ſome induſtry; which perhaps is the reaſon why ſo many people are ſo jealous, and tenacious of it.

Even ſome people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted (though at the ſame time unenjoyed) in hopes of ſhining in thoſe faſhionable ſocieties, where the reputation of certain vices gives luſtre. In theſe caſes, the execution is commonly as awkward, as the deſign is abſurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of ſome rank and fortune, juſt let looſe from the univerſity, reſolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to aſſume the ſhining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profeſſion, he fre-

quented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noiſy. Being one night at the repreſentation of that moſt abſurd play, the Libertine Deſtroyed, he was ſo charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he ſwore many oaths that he would be the Libertine Deſtroyed. A diſcreet friend of his, who ſat by him, kindly repreſented to him, that to be the Libertine was a laudable deſign, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine Deſtroyed, ſeemed to him an unneceſſary part of his plan, and rather raſh. He perſiſted, however, in his firſt reſolution, and inſiſted upon being the Libertine, and Deſtroyed. Probably he was ſo; at leaſt the preſumption is in his favour. There are, I am perſuaded, ſo many caſes of this nature, that for my own part I would deſire no greater ſtep towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that the people ſhould have no vices but their own.

The blockhead who affects wiſdom, becauſe Nature has given him dulneſs, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have ſtagnated unobſerved in his native mud, or perhaps have engroſſed deeds, collected ſhells, and ſtudied heraldry, or logic, with ſome ſucceſs.

The ſhining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every thing, becauſe Nature has given him pertneſs. The degree of parts and animal ſpirits, neceſſary to conſtitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him uſeful in many parts of life; but his affectation and preſumption make him uſeleſs in moſt, and ridiculous in all.

The

The ſeptuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be eſteemed and reſpected in the ſeveral relations of domeſtic life, which at his age, Nature points out to him: but he will moſt ridiculouſly ſpin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dreſſes, languiſhes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modeſtly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at laſt appears to be the proſtitute he had long kept (not to himſelf) whom he marries and owns, becauſe the poor girl was ſo fond of him, and ſo deſirous to be made an honeſt woman.

The ſexagenary widow remembers that ſhe was handſome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herſelf ſo, or, at leaſt, very *likeable* ſtill. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty, unpardonably continue, increaſe even with her years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering part of dreſs, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expoſe to the higheſt and juſteſt ridicule, her ſhrivelled or her overgrown carcaſe. She totters or ſweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries and brocades, which, like ſo many Egyptian hieroglyphics, ſerve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her auguſt mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderneſs, or leer deſire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain underſtands it. He addreſſes his vows to her vanity, which aſſures her they are ſincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every ſocial duty. He tenderly

prefers her (though not without ſome heſitation) to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and uſeful ſentiment. It is, in truth, ſocial love too, as Mr. Pope has very juſtly obſerved: it is the ſpring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But ſelf flattery is only the ape or caricatura of ſelf-love, and reſembles it no more than is abſolutely neceſſary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the moſt profuſely beſtowed and greedily ſwallowed, where it is the leaſt deſerved. I will conclude this ſubject with the ſubſtance of a fable of the ingenious monſieur De La Motte, which ſeems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was Wiſdom; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accuſed the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aſperſion, declared another lottery, for mortals ſingly and excluſive of the gods. The prize was Folly. They got it, and ſhared it among themſelves. All were ſatisfied. The loſs of Wiſdom was neither regretted nor remembered; Folly ſupplied its place, and thoſe who had the largeſt ſhare of it, thought themſelves the wiſeſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

AFFECTION.

SECT. I.

Should not be fixed on worldly matters.

AS ſoon as ever you have placed your affections too intenſely beyond a certain point on any thing below, from that moment you may date your miſery. Whether riches, pleaſure, or honour, be the chief point in view, take it for granted there is no earthly thing, but what is ſufficient to make you very unhappy. When once you become too ſtrongly attached to it, whenever you are deprived of it, you will be indifferent to all the bleſſings of life which you are poſſeſſed of; there will be a craving left in the breaſt, which it will be no eaſy matter to ſupply and fill up: A ſure indication this, that God has deſigned himſelf, in whom there is a fullneſs of joy, to be the principal object of our deſires. And ſome have been of opinion, that the ſoul feels ſtronger pangs in being torn from theſe things, for which ſhe has contracted a long habitual fondneſs, than ſhe does in being divorced from that body to which ſhe has been long united. Guard then betimes againſt any growing paſſion, whether for riches, pleaſures, or honours, and you will find the loſs of them will not ſit heavy upon you. We reſt with the mean bent of our ſouls upon earthly

things, as our principal ſupports; the conſequence of which is, that when they ſlip from under us, our fall is more hurtful, in proportion to the weight and ſtreſs with which we relied upon them. *Seed's Sermons.*

SECT. II.

Affections entailed upon human nature, and neceſſary to be cultivated.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind as well as his perſon, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is therefore an aſſiduous care and cultivation to be beſtowed upon our paſſions and affections; for they are, as they are the excreſcences of our ſouls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to aſſign a reaſon in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the huſband and keeper. Ten thouſand follies had this unhappy man eſcaped, had he made a compact with himſelf to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in ſo many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed at preſent he has brought himſelf to be confined only to one prevailing miſtreſs, between whom and his wife Duumvir paſſes his hours in all the viciſſitudes which attend paſſion and affection, without the intervention of reaſon. Laura his wife, and Phillis his miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had for ſome months

months the leaſt amorous commerce. Duumvir has paſſed the noon of life, but cannot withdraw from theſe entertainments, which are pardonable only before that ſtage of our being, and which after that ſeaſon are rather puniſhments than ſatisfactions; for palled appetite is humorous, and muſt be gratified with ſauces rather than food. For this reaſon Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtic miſtreſs, to whom he retires from the converſation of an affable, humble, diſcreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after abſence with an eaſy and affected complacency; but that he calls inſipid: Phillis rates him for his abſence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls ſpirit and fire. Laura's gentleneſs is thought mean; Phillis's inſolence ſprightly. Were you to ſee him at his own home and his miſtreſs's lodgings, to Phillis he appears an obſequious lover, to Laura an imperious maſter; nay, ſo unjuſt is the taſte of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality but that ſhe is his wife; Phillis no good one but that ſhe is his miſtreſs: and he has himſelf often ſaid, were he married to any one elſe, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows at the ſame time, that Phillis, were ſhe a woman of honour, would have been the moſt inſipid animal breathing. The other day, Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to ſing to him: "Fie, madam! he cried; we muſt be paſt all theſe gaieties." Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid. When ſhe begins to warble, "Well, ſays he, there is ſuch a pleaſing ſimplicity in all that wench does!"--In a word, the affectionate parts of his heart being

corrupted, and his true taſte that way wholly loſt, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis; it is not in the power of the wife to do a pleaſing thing, nor in the miſtreſs to do any thing diſagreeable. There is ſomething too melancholy in the reflection on this circumſtance to be the ſubject of raillery. He ſaid a ſour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which ſhe burſt into tears: "What the devil, madam, ſays he, cannot I ſpeak in my own houſe?" He anſwered Phillis a little abruptly at ſupper the ſame evening; upon which ſhe threw his peruke into the fire: "Well, ſaid he, thou art a brave termagant jade; do you know, huſſey, that fair wig coſt forty guineas?" Oh Laura! was it for this the faithful Chromius ſighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered ſince crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances! It is not many months ſince Laura was the wonder and pride of her own ſex, as well as the deſire and paſſion of ours. At plays and at balls, the juſt turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chaſtiſed yet added to diverſions. At public devotions her winning modeſty, her reſigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of ſimplicity and beauty. In ordinary converſation, a ſweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good breeding and education, gave her more ſlaves than all the pride of her ſex ever made woman wiſh for. Laura's hours are now ſpent in the ſad reflection of her choice, and that deceitful vanity (almoſt inſeparable from the ſex) of believing, ſhe could

could reclaim one who had ſo often enſnared others. As it is now, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himſelf to do her juſtice: for though beauty and merit are things real, and independent on taſte and opinion, yet agreeableneſs is arbitrary, and the miſtreſs has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is ſo kind to her and her ſpouſe as to end her days, with all this paſſion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a ſecond wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predeceſſor. Aglaura is the deſtined lady, who has lived in aſſemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man not as the object of love, but the tool of her intereſt or pride. If ever Aglaura comes in the empire of this inconſtant, ſhe will endear the memory of her predeceſſor: but in the mean time, it is melancholy to conſider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never juſtly valued till after death.

Tatler, N°. 54.

CHAP. VIII.

AFFLICTION.

SECT. I.

Not to be meaſured by ſhew.

I WAS very well pleaſed with your diſcourſe on general mourning, and ſhould be obliged to you if you would enter into the matter more deeply, and give us your thoughts upon the common ſenſe the ordinary people have of the demonſtrations of grief, who preſcribe rules and faſhions to the moſt ſolemn affliction, ſuch as the loſs of the neareſt relations and deareſt friends. You cannot go to viſit a ſick friend, but ſome impertinent waiter about him obſerves the muſcles of your face as ſtrictly as if they were prognoſticks of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately ſurrounded with numbers of theſe ſpectators, who expect a melancholy ſhrug of your ſhoulders, a pathetical ſhake of your head, and an expreſſive diſtortion of your face, to meaſure your affection and value for the deceaſed: but there is nothing, on theſe occaſions, ſo much in their favour as immoderate weeping. As all their paſſions are ſuperficial, they imagine the ſeat of love and friendſhip to be placed viſibly in the eyes: they judge what ſtock of kindneſs you had for the living, by the quantity

quantity of tears you pour out for the dead; ſo that if one body wants that quantity of ſalt water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being called inſenſible or ill-natured: they are ſtrangers to friendſhip, whoſe grief happens not to be moiſt enough to wet ſuch a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us, nothing is ſo fallacious as this outward ſign of ſorrow; and the natural hiſtory of our bodies will teach us, that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to ſome conſtitutions. We obſerve in the tender bodies of children, when croſſed in their little wills and expectations, how diſſolvable they are into tears. If this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to ſupport them in the exceſs of it for one moment. Add to this obſervation, how quick is their tranſition from this paſſion to that of their joy. I will not ſay we ſee often, in the next tender things to children, tears ſtand without much grieving. Thus it is common to ſhed tears without ſorrow, and as common to ſuffer much ſorrow without ſhedding tears. Grief and weeping are, indeed, frequent companions; but I believe never in their higheſt exceſſes: as laughter does not proceed from profound joy, ſo neither does weeping from profound ſorrow. The ſorrow which appears ſo eaſily at the eyes, cannot have pierced into the heart: the heart diſtended with grief, ſtops all the paſſages for tears or lamentations.

Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this, is, that you would inform the ſhallow criticks, and obſervers upon ſorrow, that true affliction labours to be inviſible, that it is a ſtranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumſtances

ſtances which are affected under the notions of decency. You muſt know, Sir, I have lately loſt a dear friend, for whom I have not yet ſhed a tear, and for that reaſon your animadverſions on that ſubject would be acceptable.

Spectator, N°. 95.

SECT. II.

Comfort in affliction to be drawn from books.

IN afflictions men generally draw their conſolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortify and ſtrengthen the mind againſt the impreſſions of ſorrow. Monſieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to ſtir up mirth in the minds of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to an heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much eaſier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have its effects on ſome tempers: I ſhould rather have recourſe to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us inſtances of calamities and misfortunes, and ſhew human nature in its greateſt diſtreſſes.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome conſolation in the ſociety of as great ſufferers as ourſelves, eſpecially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the compariſon we make between ourſelves and our fellow-ſufferers. A loſs at ſea, a fit of ſickneſs, or the death of a friend, are ſuch trifles, when we conſider whole kingdoms laid in aſhes, families put to the ſword, wretches

wretches ſhut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little ſtrokes of fortune,

Spectator, N°. 163.

SECT. III.

Afflictions in this life mitigated by hopes of the life to come.

TO mitigate the evil and afflictions of this life, it is no great matter how rough the way be, provided we be ſure it leads to happineſs. The incomparably greater good of the next life will, to a wiſe and conſiderate man, weigh down all the evils of this; and the ſcripture tells us, that there is no compariſon between them: "The ſufferings of the preſent time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that ſhall be revealed to us." Romans viii. 13. The evils of this life afflict men more or leſs, according as the ſoul is fortified with conſiderations proper to ſupport us under them. When we conſider we have but a little time to be here, that we are upon our journey travelling towards our heavenly country, where we ſhall meet with all the delights we can deſire, it ought not to trouble us much to endure ſtorms and foul ways, and to want many of thoſe accommodations we might expect at home. This is the common fate of travellers, and we muſt take things as we find them, and not look to have every thing juſt to our mind: theſe difficulties and inconveniences will ſhortly be over, and after a few days will be quite forgotten, and be to us as if they never had been.

And

And when we are ſafely landed in our own country, with what pleaſure ſhall we look back upon thoſe rough and boiſterous ſeas which we have eſcaped? The more troubles we have paſt through, the kinder uſage we ſhall find when we come to our father's houſe. So the apoſtle tells us, "That our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." When we come to heaven, our happineſs ſhall then be as real as our miſeries were here upon earth, and far greater and more laſting. And what great matter is it, though we ſuffer a while in this world, provided we eſcape the endleſs unſufferable torments of the next? though we have not our good things in this life, if infinitely greater be reſerved for us, and we ſhall receive them with intereſt in the other?

Several of the evils and calamities of this life would be inſufferable indeed, if there were nothing better to be hoped for hereafter. If this were true, Chriſtians would not only be of all men, but of all creatures the moſt miſerable. But our religion hath abundantly aſſured us to the contrary; and the aſſurance of this was that which made the primitive Chriſtians to embrace ſufferings with ſo much chearfulneſs, to glory in tribulation, and to take joyfully the ſpoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they had a better and more enduring ſubſtance. The ſeven brethren, in the hiſtory of the Maccabees, upon this perſuaſion would not accept deliverance, that they might obtain a better reſurrection. The ſtorm of ſtones which were poured upon St. Stephen was no more to him than a common ſhower, when he ſaw the heavens opened,

and

and Jeſus (in whoſe cauſe he ſuffered) ſtanding on the right hand of God.

Tillotſon.

SECT. IV.

Afflictions moſtly of our own creating.

AS for the afflictions and ſufferings which befal men, theſe are not natural, and of God's making, but the reſult and fruit of our own doings, the effects and conſequences of the ill uſe of our own liberty and free choice: and God does not willingly ſend them upon us, but we wilfully pull them down upon ourſelves; for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, as the prophet tells us, Lam. iii. 33. "God made not death, neither hath he pleaſure in the deſtruction of the living; but men pull deſtruction upon themſelves, with the works of their own hands." All the evils that are in the world, are either the effects of their own ſin, as poverty and diſgrace, pains, diſeaſes, and death, which are ſometimes more immediately inflicted upon men by a viſible providence, and hand of God, but are uſually brought upon us by ourſelves, in the natural courſe and order of things; or they are the effects of other mens ſins, brought upon us by the ambition and covetouſneſs, by the malice and cruelty of others. And theſe evils, though they are procured and cauſed by others, yet they are deſerved by ourſelves; and though they are immediately from the hands of men, yet we ought to look farther, and conſider them as directed and diſpoſed by the providence of God; as David did when Shimei curſed

curſed him; "God, ſaid he, hath bid him to curſe David;" though it immediately proceeded from Shimei's inſolence and ill-nature.

Tillotſon.

SECT. V.

Afflictions furniſh with a knowledge of ſelf.

IF afflictions be fitted in their proper tendency, to convert the wickedeſt of men that are not utterly incorrigible; much more are they ſuited to convince good men of their failings, to make them ſenſible of their errors, to bring them to more frequent and ſerious conſiderations, and to a more perfect repentance and amendment. The very beſt of men are far from being perfect, and too many good men have even great imperfections, which they are not duly ſenſible of but in a day of affliction; and there are many duties, and many doctrines in ſcripture, which men are not apt to underſtand rightly, but in a time of ſorrow and more ſerious conſideration. David himſelf confeſſes, Pſalm cxix. 71, 67. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy ſtatutes; for before I was afflicted I went aſtray, but now have I kept thy word." And that great man Job, after his ſevere trial, acknowledges before God, Job xlii. 5, 6. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye ſeeth thee; wherefore I abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes." The ſons of Jacob were never truly ſenſible of their crime in ſelling their brother, till they found themſelves in great diſtreſs in Egypt; and then they

they ſaid one to another, Gen. xlii. 21. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we ſaw the anguiſh of his ſoul when he beſought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this diſtreſs come upon us." And of the whole nation of the Jews, 'tis remarked by the Pſalmiſt, Pſalm lxxviii. 34. "That when he ſlew them, then they ſought him, and returned, and enquired early after God; and remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their redeemer."

Clark's Sermons.

CHAP. IX.

AGE.

SECT. I.

The preſent age proved to be better than any other.

IT has always been the faſhion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to the preſent day, men have been increaſing in wickedneſs: and though we have the Bible to turn to, which gives us the hiſtory of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have ſtill the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the preſent times. But the eye of a philoſopher can penetrate into this falſe humility, and diſcover it to be mere peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. The truth is, that the preſent times, like our

wives

wives and our other poſſeſſions, are OUR OWN, and therefore we have no reliſh of them.

Many of my readers may poſſibly object to theſe encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men ſatisfied with what they are, inſtead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion (and I believe it to be univerſally true) that men are more likely to be *praiſed* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once loſt, is never to be recovered. He therefore to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he ſhould have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of ſuch a name, and from conviction of thoſe advantages be ſo ſolicitous to deſerve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reaſon away the merit of ſuch a perſon's behaviour if they pleaſe, by aſcribing it ſolely to ſelf-love; they may add too, if they chuſe, (and they have my hearty leave) that all virtue whatſoever has its ſource in that paſſion: if this be true (though the revealers of ſuch truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a ſtronger argument for goodneſs, than that it is neceſſary to our happineſs? It is ſaid of that ſagacious inſect, the bee, that he extracts honey from poiſon: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw inſtruction

ſtruction even from theſe gentlemen. But to return to my ſubject.

If people, when they are railing againſt the preſent times, inſtead of aſſerting in the groſs that they are more wicked than the paſt, would content themſelves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongſt us; if, for inſtance, they were to ſay that luxury and gaming are at preſent at a much higher pitch than formerly, I ſhould be far from contradicting them. Theſe are indeed the vices of the times: but for the firſt of them, I am afraid we muſt content ourſelves with complaints, inſtead of offering at a remedy: for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in its wiſdom has ſo ordered it, that in due courſe of time it will deſtroy itſelf. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy, which, though we do not care to preſcribe to ourſelves, we are preparing at great pains and expence for thoſe that are to come after us. Of gaming I ſhall only obſerve, that, like luxury, it will in time work out its own cure; and at the rate it goes on at preſent, one ſhould imagine it cannot laſt long.

I know but of one evil more that ſeems to have gathered any degree of ſtrength in theſe times, and that is corruption: for as to extravagance and a love of pleaſure,, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practiſed, may admit of palliation: for though it has been aſſerted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil that good may enſue, yet ſomething may be ſaid in favour of a candidate for a ſeat in parliament, who if he ſhould be tempted to commit

commit the ſmall evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect ſo great a good as the preſervation of the liberty, the property, the happineſs, the virtue and the religion of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exiſt amongſt us pretty much in the ſame degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers uſed to get drunk with ſtrong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champaign. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boaſting of ours. They ſtole ſlyly in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately ſteal out ſlyly at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquets. The firſt dreſſed like modeſt women, and perhaps were wantons; the laſt dreſs like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Thoſe treated without hanging out a ſign; theſe hang out a ſign without intending to treat. To be ſtill more particular; the abuſe of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promiſes of great men, are I believe pretty much the ſame now as in former ages. Vices that we have no reliſh for, we part with for thoſe we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocriſy for profligacy, and lewdneſs for play.

But as I have inſtanced in this eſſay the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injuſtice if I neglected to obſerve, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded ſo much as now. I muſt alſo repeat, that

that our virtues receive a luſtre, and our vices a ſoftening, by manners and decorum.

World, No. 75.

SECT. II.

The clamour of the preſent Age being more depraved than the preceding, altogether erroneous.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the aſſertions of ſome reputable authors both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: every age has degenerated; and from the fall of the firſt man, our ſpecies has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worſe, for about ſix thouſand years.

Conſidering this progreſſive ſtate of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worſe with us at preſent; ſince, geometrically ſpeaking, the human ought by this time to have ſunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable ſpecies, which are neither of them ſuppoſed to have dwindled or degenerated conſiderably, except in a very few inſtances: for it muſt be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to thoſe of Dodona, our breed of horſes to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

But is this really the caſe? Certainly not. It is only one of thoſe many errors, which are artfully ſcattered by the deſigns of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of—*theſe ſad times! this degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender

tender and final farewel bidden every day to unrewarded and diſcouraged public ſpirit, arts and ſciences, are the common-place topics of the pride, the envy and the malignity of the human heart, that can more eaſily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear cotemporary and contiguous merit. Men of theſe mean ſentiments have already been the ſatyriſts of their own, and the panegyriſts of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whiſtle all day long.

As it has conſtantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or if I could not, to expoſe the vices of the human heart, it ſhall be the object of this eſſay to examine this ſtrange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and ſeniority of age. I ſhall prove it to be forged, and conſequently null and void to all intents and purpoſes whatſoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would ſay that human nature has always been invariably the ſame, tho' always varying; that is, the ſame in ſubſtance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent cauſes, of which perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, ſeverally contribute to change thoſe modes; but in all climates, and in all ages, we diſcover thro' them, the ſame paſſions, affections and appetites, and the ſame degree of virtues and vices.

This being unqueſtionably the true ſtate of the caſe, which it would be endleſs to bring inſtances to prove from the hiſtories of all times and of all nations, I ſhall by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the deſign-

ing,

ing, proceed to explain the reaſons, which I have but juſt hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being, has always been reckoned the worſt and moſt degenerate.

Authors, eſpecially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and, like other men, ſubject to the weakneſſes of human nature, though perhaps in a leſs degree: but it is however certain that their breaſts are not abſolutely ſtrangers to the paſſions of jealouſy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to meaſure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Auguſtan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at leaſt ſeventeen hundred years diſtant from the preſent. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his firſt miniſter, was both a patron and a poet: he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no ſmall encouragement for panegyric. Thoſe were times indeed for genius to diſplay itſelf in! It was honoured, taſted and rewarded. But now—— *O tempora! O mores!* One muſt however do juſtice to the authors, who thus declaim againſt their own times, by acknowledging that they are ſeldom the aggreſſors; their own times have commonly begun with Them. It is their reſentment, not their judgment (if they have any) that ſpeaks this language. Anger and deſpair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, 'till brought very low indeed, they are conſcious they cannot equal.

World, No. 195.

CHAP. X.

AMBITION.

SECT. I.

A foe to moral honeſty.

AS covetouſneſs dulls the mind by preſſing it down too much below itſelf, ſo ambition dazzles it by lifting it up as much above itſelf; but both of them are ſure to darken the light of it: for if you look intently down a deep precipice upon a thing at an extreme diſtance below you, or with the ſame earneſtneſs fix your eye upon ſomething at too great an height above you, in both caſes you will find a vertigo, or giddineſs; and where there is a giddineſs in the head, there will always be a miſt before the eyes. And thus, no doubt, it was only an ambitious aſpiring after high things, which not long ſince cauſed ſuch a woful, ſcandalous giddineſs in ſome men's conſciences, and made them turn round and round from this to that, and from that to this, till at length they knew not what bottom to fix upon; and this, in my opinion, is a caſe that admits of no vindication.

Pride, we know (which is always a couſin-german to ambition) is commonly reckoned the fore-runner of a fall: it was the devil's ſin and the devil's ruin, and has been ever ſince the devil's ſtratagem, who, like an expert wreſtler, uſually

uſually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw. But how does he do this? Why? By firſt blinding him with ambition; and when a man either cannot or will not mind the ground he ſtands upon, as a thing, forſooth, too much below him, he is then eaſily juſtled down, and thruſt head long into the next ditch. The truth is, in this caſe, men ſeem to aſcend to an high ſtation, juſt as they leap down a very great ſteep: in both caſes they ſhut their eyes firſt; for in both the danger is very dreadful, and the way to venture upon it is not to ſee it.

Yea, ſo fatally does this towering, aſpiring humour intoxicate and impoſe upon men's minds, that when the devil ſtands bobbing and tantalizing their gaping hopes with ſome preferment in church or ſtate, they ſhall do the baſeſt, the vileſt, and moſt odious things imaginable; and that not only in defiance of conſcience, but, which is more imprudent and intolerable, ſhall even alledge conſcience itſelf as the very reaſon for the doing of them; ſo that ſuch wretches ſhall out of mere conſcience, forſooth, betray the country that bred, and the church that baptized them; and having firſt practiſed a diſpenſing power upon all law within them, ſhall help to let the ſame looſe upon all laws without them too: and when they have done, ſhall wipe their mouths, and with as good a grace, and as bold a front, look the world in the face, as if they expected thanks for ſuch villanies, as a modeſt malefactor would ſcarce preſume to expect a pardon for.

South's Sermons.

SECT. II.

Ambition excites to excellence.

ALTHOUGH imitation is one of the great inſtruments uſed by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection, yet if men gave themſelves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and ſo on in an eternal circle, it is eaſy to ſee that there never could be any improvement amongſt them. Men muſt remain as brutes do, the ſame at the end that they are at this day, and that they were in the beginning of the world. To prevent this, God has planted in man a ſenſe of ambition, and a ſatisfaction ariſing from the contemplation of his excelling his fellows in ſomething deemed valuable amongſt them. It is this paſſion that drives men to all the ways we ſee in uſe of ſignalizing themſelves, and that tends to make whatever excites in a man the idea of this diſtinction ſo very pleaſant. It has been ſo ſtrong as to make very miſerable men take comfort that they were ſupreme in miſery; and certain it is, that where we cannot diſtinguiſh ourſelves by ſomething excellent, we begin to take a complacency in ſome ſingular infirmities, follies, or defects, in one kind or other. It is on this principle that flattery is ſo prevalent; for flattery is no more than what raiſes in a man's mind an idea of a preference, which he has not. Now whatever, either on good or upon bad grounds, tends to raiſe a man in his own opinion, produces a ſort of ſwelling or triumph that is extremely grateful to the human mind; and this ſwelling is never more perceived, nor operates with more force,

force, than when without danger we are converſant with terrible objects, the mind always claiming to itſelf ſome part of the dignity and importance of the objects with which it is converſant: hence proceeds what Longinus has obſerved, of that glorying and ſenſe of inward greatneſs that always fills the reader of ſuch paſſages in poets and orators as are ſublime; it is what every man muſt have felt in himſelf upon ſuch occaſions.

Burke on the Sublime.

SECT. III.

The folly and madneſs of ambition illuſtrated.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the ſon of a younger brother of a good family, who at his deceaſe left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton ſchool, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the Univerſity, where I learnt——not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profeſſion, I removed myſelf to town, and lived for ſome time as moſt young gentlemen do, by ſpending four times my income. But it was my happineſs, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whoſe fortune was juſt ſufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to ſquare my

wiſhes to my circumſtances. In this endeavour, I ſucceeded ſo well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I poſſeſſed, and now and then a ſigh when a coach and ſix happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly aſſure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boaſted of, and in conſequence of it, we were frequently driven to great ſtreights and difficulties, I experienced more real ſatisfaction in this humble ſituation, than I have ever done ſince in more enviable circumſtances. We were ſometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleaſure of diſcharging what we owed was more than an equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowneſs of our circumſtances ſubjected us to many cares and anxieties, it ſerved to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was ſomewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourſelves, and drew health from our neceſſities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been ſpoilt by nurſing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwiſe employed. His mother was naturally of a ſickly conſtitution; but the affairs of her family, as they engroſſed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to thoſe who have nothing elſe to think of, are almoſt inſupportable, were leſs terrible to us, than to perſons in eaſier circumſtances: for it is a certain truth, however your readers may pleaſe to receive

ceive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. For even in the happieſt ſituation, in the midſt of eaſe, health and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itſelf, loſing the immediate enjoyment of thoſe invaluable bleſſings, by the painful ſuggeſtion that they are too great for continuance.

Theſe are the reflections that I have made ſince: for I do not attempt to deny that I ſighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a diſtant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happieſt man living. My income was now increaſed to ſix hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in leſs eaſy circumſtances had not touched me ſo nearly, was now conſtantly in my thoughts, and ſoured all my enjoyment. The conſciouſneſs too of having ſuch an eſtate to leave my boy, made me ſo anxious to preſerve him, that inſtead of ſuffering him to run at pleaſure where he pleaſed, and to grow hardy by exerciſe, I almoſt deſtroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, becauſe we were in circumſtances to have it kept by others: but as air and exerciſe were neceſſary for our healths, we reſolved to abridge ourſelves in ſome unneceſſary articles, and to ſet up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foreſee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our viſits, it greatly increaſed our acquaintance, and

ſubjected us to the neceſſity of making continual entertainments at home in return for all thoſe which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we poſſeſſed; inſomuch that we found ourſelves in a very ſhort time more neceſſitous than ever. Pride would not ſuffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unſuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was ſoon forced to mortgage, and at laſt to ſell, the beſt part of my eſtate; and as it was utterly impoſſible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviſeable to remove of a ſudden, to ſell our coach in town, and to look out for a new ſituation, at a great diſtance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to abſolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two ſons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I ſucceeded to an eſtate of ſeven thouſand pounds a year.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and ſo indeed I was. I ſet about the regulation of my family with the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction. The ſplendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of ſervants that attended me, the elegance of my houſe and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpreſſible delight, ſo long as they were novelties:

ties: but no ſooner were they become habitual to me, than I loſt all manner of reliſh for them; and I diſcovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wiſh for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by ſatiety, a perpetual crowd of viſitors robbed me of all domeſtic enjoyment, my ſervants plagued me, and my ſtewards cheated me.

But the curſe of greatneſs did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myſelf. My uncle had been a great party-man, and a zealous oppoſer of all miniſterial meaſures; and as his eſtate was the largeſt of any gentleman's in the county, he ſupported an intereſt in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myſelf on that ſide: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; inſomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almoſt every thing I have undertaken. To deſert the cauſe I have embarked in would diſgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it will undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual ſtate of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am curſed by my tenants and dependents for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleaſed to tell me) contrary to their conſcience.

My wife and I had once pleaſed ourſelves with the thought of being uſeful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and induſtrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourſelves; and the agents we

entruſt are either pocketing our bounty, or beſtowing it on the undeſerving. At night when we retire to reſt, we are venting our complaints on the miſeries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace, which was only the companion of our humbleſt ſituation.

This, ſir, is my hiſtory; and it may ſerve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, ſickneſs and abſolute want are out of the queſtion, no external change of circumſtances can make a man more laſtingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the univerſal diſſatisfaction of mankind is principally to be aſcribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aſpires to greatneſs in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himſelf into a furnace to avoid the ſhivering of an ague.

The only ſatisfaction I can enjoy in my preſent ſituation is, that it has not pleaſed Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

World, No. 174.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

ANCESTRY.

SECT. I.

In what reſpect valuable.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greateſt writers, in almoſt every age, have expoſed with all the ſtrength of wit and good ſenſe, the vanity of a man's valuing himſelf upon his anceſtors, and endeavoured to ſhew, that true nobility conſiſts in virtue, not in birth. With ſubmiſſion, however, to ſo many great authorities, I think they have puſhed this matter a little too far: we ought in gratitude to honour the poſterity of thoſe who raiſed either the intereſt or reputation of their country, and by whoſe labours we ourſelves are more happy, wiſe, or virtuous, than we ſhould have been without them. Beſides, naturally ſpeaking, a man bids fairer for greatneſs of ſoul, who is the deſcendant of worthy anceſtors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of ignoble and obſcure parentage. For theſe reaſons, I think a man of merit who is derived from an illuſtrious line, is very juſtly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think thoſe who are indifferent in themſelves, and have nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account,

and to be more reſpected than the common run of men, who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having aſcribed due honour to birth and parentage, I muſt, however, take notice of thoſe who arrogate to themſelves more honours than are due to them on this account. The firſt are ſuch who are not enough ſenſible, that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and diſennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The ſecond are thoſe who believe a new man of elevated merit, is not more to be honoured than an inſignificant and worthleſs man, who is deſcended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a perſon who is ſuch a man as the firſt founder of their family was, upon whoſe reputation they value themſelves.

But I ſhall chiefly apply myſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits uppermoſt in all their diſcourſes and behaviour. An empty man of a great family, is a creature that is ſcarce converſible. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A gentleman of this turn began a ſpeech in one of king Charles's parliaments; "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time"—upon which a rough honeſt gentleman took him up ſhort, "I would fain know what that gentleman means; is there any one in this houſe that had not the honour of being born as well as himſelf." The good ſenſe which reigns in our nation has pretty well

well deſtroyed this ſtarched behaviour among men who have ſeen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality: for there are many who have had their education among women, dependants, and flatterers, that loſe all the reſpect, which would otherwiſe be paid them, by being too aſſiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been ſo educated in punctilio, that he governs himſelf by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meaſures out his bow to the degree of the perſon he converſes with. I have ſeen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low ſtoop in the ſalutation ſign. I remember five of us who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was ſaying, it would be worth while obſerving how he would diſtinguiſh us at his firſt entrance. Accordingly he no ſooner came into the room, but caſting his eye about, "My Lord ſuch a one, ſays he, your moſt humble ſervant. Sir Richard, your humble ſervant. Your ſervant, Mr. Ironſide. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank, are you there?"

There is nothing more eaſy than to diſcover a man whoſe heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a ſtrong tincture of the nurſery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, ſuperannuated retainers to a great houſe, have generally their thoughts filled with little elſe.

Guardian, No. 137.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Boasting of ancestry ridiculous.

IT is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendents of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us on making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

Spectator, N°. 612.

SECT. III.

Likeness both in person and temper derived from ancestry.

IT is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds: some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, arsi monious, and unpopular: others were more

more ſweet and affable, made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging, ſtudious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. *Dryden.*

CHAP. XII.

ANTIENTS.

SECT. I.

Of the purity and excellence of their writers.

IT is the peculiar felicity of the Latin language to ſpeak good ſenſe in ſuitable expreſſions, to give the fineſt thoughts in the happieſt words, and in an eaſy majeſty of ſtile, to write up to the ſubject; and in this, my Lord, lieth the great ſecret of writing well: it is that elegant ſimplicity, that ornamental plainneſs of ſpeech, which every common genius thinketh ſo plain that any body may reach it, and findeth ſo very elegant, that, all his ſweat, and pains, and ſtudy, fail him in the attempt.

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converſe with poets, orators, or hiſtorians, your Lordſhip will meet with all that is admirable in human compoſure: and though life and ſpirit, propriety, and force of ſtile, be common to them all, you will ſee, that nevertheleſs every writer ſhineth in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diverſified into a thouſand graces of feature and com-

complexion. I need not trouble your Lordſhip with a particular character of theſe celebrated writers. What I have ſaid already, and what I ſhall ſay farther of them as I go along, render it leſs neceſſary at preſent; and I would not pre-engage your Lordſhip's opinion implicitly to my ſide. It will be a pleaſant exerciſe of judgment to diſtinguiſh them yourſelf; and when your Lordſhip and I ſhall be able to depart from the common received opinion of the critics and commentators, I may take ſome other occaſion of laying them before your Lordſhip, and ſubmitting what I ſhall then ſay to your Lordſhip's approbation.

In the mean time, I ſhall only give your Lordſhip two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to ſome people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very neceſſary to be obſerved.

The firſt is, that your Lordſhip would never be perſuaded into what they call common-places, which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under proper heads, that you may readily find what he hath ſaid upon any point, by conſulting an alphabet. This practice is of no uſe, but in circumſtantials of time and place, cuſtom and antiquity, and in ſuch inſtances where facts are to be remembered, nor where the brain is to be exerciſed. In theſe caſes it is of great uſe: it helpeth the memory, and ſerveth to keep thoſe things in a ſort of order and ſucceſſion. But, my Lord, common-placing the ſenſe of an author, is ſuch a ſtupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in ſaying it, they want common ſenſe that practiſe

practiſe it. What heaps of this rubbiſh have I ſeen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have ſaid, that is taken by thoſe who have nothing to ſay themſelves! Your Lordſhip may depend upon it, the writings of thoſe men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention ſpoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happineſs of theſe collectors of ſenſe, that they can write without thinking.

I do moſt readily agree, that all the bright ſparkling thoughts of the antients, their fineſt expreſſions, and nobleſt ſentiments, are to be met with in theſe tranſcribers. But how wretchedly are they brought in! how miſerably put together! Indeed, my Lord, I can compare ſuch productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, ſewed together with packthread.

When I ſee a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themſelves, it putteth me in mind of theſe common-place men. The materials are certainly very good, but they underſtand not the rules of architecture ſo well as to form them into juſt and maſterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they ſtand in another model upon another plan!

For, my Lord, we muſt confeſs the truth: we can ſay nothing now, at leaſt we can ſay nothing better, than hath been ſaid before; but we may nevertheleſs make what we ſay our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourſelves to remember in what page or what book we have read ſuch a paſſage; but

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it falleth in naturally with the courſe of our own thoughts, and taketh its place in our writings with as much eaſe, and looketh with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thouſand years ago.

This, my Lord, is the beſt way of remembering the antient authors, when you reliſh their way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their ſenſe. There is no need of tying ourſelves up to an imitation of any of them, much leſs to copy, or tranſcribe them. For there is room for vaſt variety of thought and ſtile, as nature is various in her works, and is nature ſtill. Good authors, like the celebrated maſters in the ſeveral ſchools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner: and when we can make the ſame uſe of the Romans, as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourſelves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be eſteemed originals as well as they. Mix and incorporate with thoſe antient ſtreams; and though your own wit will be improved, and heightened by ſuch a ſtrong infuſion, yet the ſpirit, the thought, the fancy, expreſſion, which ſhall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton on the Claſſicks.

SECT. II.

That they wanted politeneſs.

AMONG the antients, there was not much delicacy of breeding, or that polite deference and reſpect, which civility obliges us to counterfeit

terfeit towards the perſons whom we converſe with. Cicero was certainly one of the politeſt gentlemen of his age; and yet I muſt confeſs, I have been frequently ſhocked with the poor figure under which he repreſents his friend Atticus, in thoſe dialogues where he is introduced as a ſpeaker. That learned and virtuous Roman, whoſe dignity, though he was only a private gentleman, was inferior to that of no one in Rome, is there ſhewn in rather a more pitiful light than Philalethes's friend in our Modern Dialogues. He is an humble admirer of the orator, pays him frequent compliments, and receives his inſtructions with all the deference that a ſcholar owes his maſter. Even Cato is treated in ſomewhat a cavalier manner in the dialogues De Finibus; and it is remarkable, that Cicero being a great ſceptic in matters of religion, and unwilling to determine any thing on that head, among the different ſects in philoſophy, introduces his friends diſputing concerning the Being and Nature of the Gods, while he is only as hearer, becauſe forſooth it would have been an impropriety for ſo great a genius as himſelf, had he ſpoke, not to have ſaid ſomething deciſive on the ſubject, and have carried every thing before him, as he always does on other occaſions. There is alſo a ſpirit of dialogue obſerved in the eloquent books De Oratore, and a tolerable equality obſerved among the ſpeakers; but then theſe ſpeakers are the great men of the age preceding the author, and he recounts the conference as only from hearſay.

One of the moſt particular details of a real dialogue which we meet with in antiquity, is related

related by Polybius. When Philip, king of Macedon, a prince of wit and parts, met with Titus Flaminius, one of the politeſt of the Romans, as we learn from Plutarch, accompanied with Ambaſſadors from almoſt all the Greek cities; the Italian Ambaſſador very abruptly told the King, that he talked like a fool or a madman. "That is evident, ſaid his Majeſty, even to a blind man;" which was a raillery on the blindneſs of his Excellency. Yet all this paſt not the uſual bounds, for the conference was not diſturbed; and Flaminius was very well diverted with the ſtroke of humour at the end. When Philip craved a little time to conſult with his friends, of whom he had none preſent; the Roman General being alſo deſirous to ſhew his wit, as the hiſtorian ſays, tells him, that perhaps the reaſon why he had none of his friends with him, was becauſe he had murdered them all: which was actually the caſe. This unprovoked piece of brutality, which is not condemned by the hiſtorian, cauſed no farther reſentment in Philip than to excite a Sardonian ſmile, or what we call a grin, and hindered him not from renewing the conference next day. Plutarch too mentions this raillery amongſt the witty and agreeable ſayings of Flaminius.

Hume's Eſſays.

SECT.

SECT. III.

The Scripture the moſt ſublime writing among them.

WE have no inſtances to produce of any writers that riſe at all to the majeſty and dignity of the divine attributes, except the ſacred penmen: no leſs than divine inſpiration could enable men to write worthy of God, and none but the ſpirit of God knew how to expreſs his greatneſs, and diſplay his glory. In compariſon of theſe divine writers, the greateſt genius's, the nobleſt wits of the heathen world, are low and dull. The ſublime majeſty and royal magnificence of the ſcripture poems, are above the reach, and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the beſt and livelieſt poems of antiquity, and read them, as we do the ſcriptures, in a proſe tranſlation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, Virgil, and Homer, loſe their ſpirit and their ſtrength in the transfuſion to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But, my Lord, the ſacred writings, even in our tranſlation, preſerve their majeſty and glory: and very far ſurpaſs the brighteſt and nobleſt compoſitions of Greece and Rome; and this is not owing to the richneſs and ſolemnity in eaſtern eloquence, for it holdeth in no other inſtance, but to the divine direction and aſſiſtance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the moſt literal tranſlation of the ſcriptures in the moſt natural ſignification of the words, is generally

nerally the beſt; and the ſame punctualneſs which debaſeth other writings, preſerveth the ſpirit and majeſty of the ſacred text: it can ſuffer no improvement from human wit; and we may obſerve, that thoſe who have preſumed to heighten the expreſſions by a poetical tranſlation or paraphraſe, have ſunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verſe, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majeſty, and ſolemnity of our proſe; ſo that the proſe of ſcripture cannot be improved by verſe, and even the divine poetry is moſt like itſelf in proſe. One obſervation more I would leave with your Lordſhip. Milton himſelf, as great a genius as he was, oweth his ſuperiority over Homer and Virgil, in majeſty of thought and ſplendor of expreſſion, to the ſcriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the ſacred treaſure that enriched his fancy, and furniſhed him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able to diſcover or conceive. And in him, my Lord, of all human writers, you will meet all his ſentiments and words raiſed and ſuited to the greatneſs and dignity of his ſubject.

Felton on the Claſſicks.

SECT. IV.

In what the Antients ſeem to excel modern writers.

VERY few paſſages in the ſtile of the Antients appear flat and low to a modern reader,

der, or carry in them a mean and vulgar air of expreſſion; which certainly ariſes in a great meaſure, from the death and diſuſe of the language in which the Antients compiled their works. Moſt of the terms of ſpeech made uſe of in common converſation, are apt to ſink the dignity of a ſerious ſtile, and to take off from the ſolemnity of the compoſition that admits them; nay, thoſe very phraſes that are in themſelves highly proper and ſignificant, and were at firſt, perhaps, ſtudied and elaborate expreſſions, make but a poor figure in writing, after they are once adopted into common diſcourſe, and found over familiar to an ear, that is every-where accuſtomed to them. They are too much diſhonoured by common uſe, and contract a meanneſs by paſſing ſo frequently through the mouths of the vulgar. For this reaſon we often meet with ſomething of a baſeneſs in the ſtile of our beſt Engliſh authors, which we cannot be ſo ſenſible of in the Greek and Latin writers, becauſe their language is dead, and no more uſed in our familiar converſations; ſo that they have now laid aſide all their natural homelineſs and ſimplicity, and appear to us in the ſplendor and formality of ſtrangers. We are not intimately enough acquainted with them, and never meet with their expreſſions but in print, and that too on a ſerious occaſion, and therefore find nothing of levity or meanneſs in the ideas they give us, as they might convey into their minds who uſed them as their mother-tongue. To conſider the Latin poets in this light, Ovid in his Metamorphoſes, and Lucan in ſeveral parts of him, are not a little beholden to antiquity, for the privilege I have here

mentioned, who would appear but very plain without it; as we may the better find, if we take them out of their numbers, and ſee how naturally they fall to low proſe. Claudian and Statius, on the contrary, whilſt they endeavour too much to deviate from common and vulgar phraſes, clog their verſes with unneceſſary epithets, and ſwell their ſtile with forced and unnatural expreſſions, till they have blown it up into bombaſt, ſo that their ſenſe has much ado to ſtruggle through their words. Virgil, and Horace in his odes, have run between theſe two extremes, and made their expreſſions very ſublime, but at the ſame time very natural. This conſideration, therefore, leaſt affects them; for though you take their verſe to pieces, and diſpoſe of their words as you pleaſe, you ſtill find ſuch glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majeſty for proſe, and look ſomething like the ruin of a noble pile, where you ſee broken pillars, ſcattered obeliſks, maimed ſtatues, and a magnificence in confuſion.

And as we are not much offended with the low idiotiſms of a dead language, ſo neither are we ſenſible of any familiar words that are uſed in it, as we may more particularly obſerve in the names of perſons and places. We find in our Engliſh writers, how much the proper name of one of our countrymen pulls down the language that ſurrounds it, and familiariſeth a whole ſentence; for our ears are ſo often uſed to it, that we find ſomething vulgar and common in the ſound and cant; but fancy the pomp and ſolemnity of ſtile too much humbled and depreſſed by it. For this reaſon the authors of poems and romances, who are

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not tied up to any particular ſet of proper names, take the liberty of inventing new ones, or at leaſt of chuſing ſuch as are not uſed in their own country; and by this means, not a little maintain the grandeur and majeſty of their language. Now the proper names of a Latin or Greek author have the ſame effect upon us as thoſe of a romance, becauſe we meet with them no where elſe but in books. Cato, Pompey, and Marcellus, ſound as great in our ears, who have none of their families among us, as Agamemnon, Hector, and Achilles; and therefore though they may flatten an oration of Tully to a Roman reader, they have no ſuch an effect upon an Engliſh one. What I have ſaid, may perhaps give us the reaſon why Virgil, when he mentions the anceſtors of three noble families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verſe too much, into Sergeſtus, Mneſtheus, and Cloanthus, tho' the three firſt would be as high and ſonorous to us as the others.

But though the poets cou'd make thus free with the proper names of perſons, and in that reſpect enjoyed a tribute not due to the proſe writers, they lay both under an equal obligation as to the names of places; for there is no poetical geography: rivers are the ſame in proſe and verſe, and the towns and countries of a romance differ nothing from thoſe of true hiſtory. How oddly, therefore, muſt the name of a paultry village ſound to thoſe who were well acquainted with the meanneſs of the place! and yet how many ſuch names are to be met with in the catalogues of Homer and Virgil? Many of their words muſt therefore very much ſhock the

ear of a Roman or Greek, eſpecially while the poem was new, and appear as meanly to their own countrymen as the duke of Buckingham's Putney Pikes and Chelſea cuiraſſiers do to an Engliſhman. But theſe their catalogues have no ſuch diſadvantageous ſounds in them to the ear of a modern, who ſcarce ever hears of the names out of the poet, or knows any thing of the places that belong to them. London may ſound as well to a foreigner as Troy or Rome; and Iſlington perhaps better than London, to thoſe who have no diſtinct ideas ariſing from the names. I have here only mentioned the names of men and places; but we may eaſily carry the obſervations farther to thoſe of ſeveral plants, animals, &c. Thus where Virgil compares the flight of Mercury to that of a waterfowl, Servius tells us, "that he purpoſely omitted the word *Mergus*, that he might not debaſe his ſtile with it;" which though it might have offended the niceneſs of a Roman ear, would have ſounded more tolerably in ours. Scaliger indeed ridicules the old Scholiaſt for his note, becauſe, as he obſerves, the word *Mergus* is uſed by the ſame poet in the Georgics: but the critic ſhould have conſidered, that in the Georgics Virgil ſtudied deſcription more than majeſty, and therefore might juſtly admit a low word into that poem, which would have diſgraced his Eneid; eſpecially when a God was to be joined with it in compariſon.

As antiquity thus conceals what is low and vulgar in an author, ſo does it draw a kind of veil over any expreſſion that is ſtrained above nature, and recedes too much from the familiar forms of ſpeech. A violent Græciſm that would ſtartle a Roman

Roman at the reading of it, ſounds more natural to us, and is leſs diſtinguiſhed from other parts of the ſtile. An obſolete or new word that made a ſtrange appearance at firſt to the reader's eye, is now incorporated into the tongue, and grown of a piece of the reſt of the language. *Hume's Eſſays.*

CHAP. XIII.

ANGER.

SECT. I.

That Anger weakens the underſtanding.

THE luſts and paſſions of men ſully and darken their minds even by a natural influence. Intemperance, and ſenſuality, and fleſhly luſts debaſe men's minds, and clog their ſpirits, make them groſs and foul, liſtleſs and inactive; they ſink us down into ſenſe, and glue us to thoſe low and inferior things: like bird-lime, they hamper and entangle our ſouls, and hinder their flight upwards; they indiſpoſe and unfit our minds for the moſt noble and intellectual conſiderations. So likewiſe the exorbitant paſſions of wrath and malice, envy and revenge, darken and diſtort the underſtandings of men, tincture the mind with falſe

colours, and fill it with prejudice and undue apprehenſions of things.

There is no man that is intemperate, or luſtful, or paſſionate, but beſides the guilt he contracts, which is continually fretting and diſquieting his mind, beſides the inconveniences he brings upon himſelf as to his health, he does likewiſe ſtain and obſcure the brightneſs of his ſoul, and the clearneſs of his diſcerning faculties. Such perſons have not that free uſe of their reaſon that they might have; their underſtandings are not bright enough, nor their ſpirits pure and fine enough for the exerciſe of the higheſt and noble acts of reaſon. What clearneſs is to the eye, purity is to our mind and underſtanding; and as the clearneſs of the bodily eye doth diſpoſe it for a quicker ſight of material objects, ſo doth the purity of our minds, that is, freedom from luſt and paſſion, diſpoſe us for the cleareſt and moſt perfect acts of reaſon and underſtanding.

Now religion purifies our minds and refines our ſpirits by quenching the fire of luſt, by ſuppreſſing the fumes and vapours of it, and by ſcattering the clouds and miſts of paſſion. And the more any one's ſoul is cleanſed from the filth and dregs of ſenſual luſts, the more nimble and expedite it will be in its operations; the more any man conquers his paſſion, the more calm and ſedate his ſpirit is; and the greater equality he maintains in his temper, his apprehenſions of things will be more clear and unprejudiced, and his judgment more firm and ſteady. And this is the meaning of that ſaying of Solomon: "He that is ſlow to wrath is of great underſtanding; but he that is haſty of ſpirit

rit exalteth folly." Anger is a ſhort fit of madneſs, and he that is paſſionate and furious deprives himſelf of his reaſon, ſpoils his underſtanding, and helps to make himſelf a fool; whereas he that conquers his paſſions and keeps them under, doth thereby preſerve and improve his underſtanding. Freedom from irregular paſſions doth not only ſignify that a man is wiſe, but alſo really contributes to the making of him ſuch. *Seed's Sermons.*

SECT. II.

Different ſorts of anger conſidered, and proved to diminiſh character.

ANGER is ſo uneaſy a gueſt to the heart, that he may be ſaid to be born unhappy, who is of a rough and choleric diſpoſition. The moraliſts have defined it to be, a deſire of revenge for ſome injury offered. Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly deſirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themſelves injured; whereas the cool and ſedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the cholerick inflict diſproportioned puniſhments upon ſlight, and ſometimes imaginary offences; but the temporary revengeful have leiſure to weigh the merits of the cauſes, and thereby either to ſmother their ſecret reſentment, or to ſeek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have ſuſtained. Weak minds are apt to ſpeak well of a man of fury, becauſe when the ſtorm is over he is full of ſorrow and repentance. But the truth is, he is

apt to commit ſuch ravages during his madneſs, that when he comes to himſelf he becomes tame for the reaſon that he ran wild before, only to give himſelf eaſe, and is a friend only to himſelf in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than others, expect that their friends ſhould bear with their infirmities: their friends at the ſame time ſhould deſire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuſes, "that they cannot help it, that it was ſoon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts," are arguments for bull or maſtiff, but ſhall never reconcile me to an intellectual ſavage. Why, indeed, ſhould any one imagine, that perſons independent upon him ſhould venture into his ſociety, who hath not yet ſo far ſubdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do ſomething the next minute, which he can never repair; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do miſchief as faſt as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, but he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I meant to recommend ſlow and deliberate malice: I would only obſerve, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the raſh and inconſiderate; but if they do not huſband the talent heaven has beſtowed on them, they are much more odious than the cholerick, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to ſay which of the two, when injured, is more troubleſome to himſelf, or hurtful to his enemy: the one is boiſterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempeſt, again all ſun-

ſhine

ſhine; the other hath a ſmoother but more laſting anguiſh, lying under a perpetual gloom: the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beaſt, if he may be held unfortunate, who cannot be ſure but that he may do ſomething the next minute which he ſhall lament during life. What ſhall we think of him that hath a ſoul ſo infected, that he never can be happy till he makes another miſerable? What wars may we not imagine perpetually raging in his breaſt? What dark ſtratagems, unworthy deſigns, inhuman wiſhes, dreadful irreſolutions! A ſnake curled in many imtricate mazes, ready to ſting a traveller, and to hiſs him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of ſuch an artful, unſearchable projector. Were I to chuſe an enemy, whether ſhould I wiſh for one that would ſtab me immediately, or one that would give me an Italian poiſon, ſubtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the ſtroke of a ſtilleto.

There is yet a third ſort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two; I mean the miſtaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breaſts. Men of good education, though naturally cholerick, reſtrain their wrath ſo far as to ſeek the ſingle combat, which ſeems ſo ungenerous a way of ending controverſies, that 'till we have ſtricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wiſh I could ſay of wretched ſpirits, will be increaſed. Of all the medals which have been ſtruck in honour of a neighbouring king, there is not one which can give him ſo true a renown, as that upon the ſucceſs of his edict for aboliſhing the impious practice of duelling.

Seed's Sermons.

SECT. III.

The fatal conſequences of it pointed out.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both falſe and abſurd, that paſſionate people are the beſt-natured people in the world. "They are a little haſty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they ſay or do: but then as ſoon as it is over, they are extremely ſorry and penitent for any injury or miſchief they did." This panegyric on theſe choleric good-natured people, when examined and ſimplified, amounts in plain common ſenſe and Engliſh to this; That they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have ſaid or done things that have brought them to the jail or the gallows, they are extremely ſorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to thoſe whoſe reputations, limbs, or lives they have either wounded or deſtroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themſelves. Self-love was the cauſe of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had theſe furious people real good-nature, their firſt offence would be their laſt; and they would reſolve at all events never to relapſe. The moment they felt their choler riſing, they would enjoin themſelves an abſolute ſilence and inaction, and by that ſudden check rather expoſe themſelves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be followed by univerſal applauſe)

applauſe) than run the leaſt riſk of being irreparably miſchievous.

World, No. 196.

SECT. IV.

The excuſes for it falſe and groundleſs; and perſons addicted to it to be treated as mad folks.

I KNOW it is ſaid in behalf of thoſe people addicted to ſudden and violent tranſports of anger, that this impulſe to wrath is conſtitutionally ſo ſudden and ſo ſtrong, that they cannot ſtifle it, even in its birth: but experience ſhews us, that this allegation is notoriouſly falſe; for we daily obſerve that theſe ſtormy perſons both can and do lay thoſe guſts of paſſion, when awed by reſpect, reſtrained by intereſt, or intimidated by fear. The moſt outrageous furioſo does not give a looſe to his anger in preſence of his ſovereign, or his miſtreſs; nor the expectant heir in preſence of the peeviſh dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The ſolliciting courtier, though perhaps under the ſtrongeſt provocations, from unjuſt delays and broken promiſes, calmly ſwallows his unavailing wrath, diſguiſes it even under ſmiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a paſſion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one ſolid excuſe to be alledged in favour of theſe people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, becauſe it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confeſs themſelves mad, as they moſt unqueſtionably are: for what plea can

thoſe that are frantic ten times a day, bring againſt ſhaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when ſo many much more harmleſs madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been aſſured by the late ingenious doctor Monro, that ſuch of his patients who were really of a good-natured diſpoſition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hoſpital, would frequently, when they found the previous ſymptoms of their returning madneſs, voluntarily apply for confinement, conſcious of the miſchief which they might poſſibly do, if at liberty. If thoſe who pretend not to be mad, but who really are ſo, had the ſame fund of good-nature, they would make the ſame application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the Menagiana a very pretty ſtory of one of theſe angry gentlemen, which ſets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horſe. The horſe grew a little troubleſome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and ſpurred him with great fury; to which the horſe, almoſt as wrong-headed as his maſter, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and aſhamed of the folly of his friend, ſaid to him cooly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and ſhew yourſelf the wiſer of the two."

Ibid.

SECT.

SECT. V.

What perſons are moſt liable to it.

ANGER flows from various cauſes, of which I ſhall here enumerate the moſt general.

Light unballaſted heads are very apt to be overſet by every guſt, or even breeze of paſſion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is ſo: hence thoſe frequent and ſudden tranſitions from ſilly joy to ſillier anger, according as the preſent ſilly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteriſtic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the ſame half-hour, fight with fury, and ſhake hands with affection. Such heads give themſelves no time to reaſon; and if you attempt to reaſon with them, they think you rally them, and reſent the affront. They are, in ſhort, over-grown children, and continue ſo in the moſt advanced age. Far be it from me to inſinuate, what ſome ill-bred authors have bluntly aſſerted, that this is in general the caſe of the faireſt part of our ſpecies, whoſe great vivacity does not always allow them time to reaſon conſequentially, but hurries them into teſtineſs upon the leaſt oppoſition to their will. But at the ſame time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I muſt confeſs that in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiouſneſs of their rhetoric, than the concluſiveneſs of their logic.

People of ſtrong animal ſpirits, warm conſtitutions, and a cold genius (a moſt unfortunate

and ridiculous, though common compound) are more irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprizing and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace (which by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magistrate can be procured) should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them in the mean time, in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty (for such there are) are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people, who having just fortunes sufficient to live idle and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious they have no right to any. They construe every thing into slight, asking explanations with heat, and misunderstand them with fury. "Who are you? What

What are you? Do you know who you ſpeak to? I'll teach you to be ſilent to a gentleman," are their daily idioms of ſpeech, which frequently end in aſſault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-houſe and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who at their firſt ſetting out into the world, or in the army, have ſimulated a paſſion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of ſpirit, which word is falſely looked upon as ſynonymous with courage. They dreſs and look fierce, ſwear enormouſly, and rage furiouſly, ſeduced by that popular word, Spirit. But I beg leave to inform theſe miſtaken young gentlemen, whoſe error I compaſſionate, that the true ſpirit of a rational being conſiſts in cool and ſteady reſolution, which can only be the reſult of reflection and virtue.

I am very ſorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the ſpecies, than my brother authors. Criticiſm, cenſure, or even the ſlighteſt diſapprobation of their immortal works, excite their moſt furious indignation. It is true indeed that they expreſs their reſentment in a manner leſs dangerous both to others and to themſelves. Like incenſed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by theſe ſhafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the diſtance from whence they fly. Thoſe which are diſcharged (as by much the greateſt numbers are) from great heights, ſuch as garrets or four-pair-of-ſtair rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but thoſe which are let off from a firſt or ſecond floor,

are

are apt to occaſion a little ſmarting, and ſometimes feſtering, eſpecially if the party wounded be unſound.

Our Great Creator has wiſely given us paſſions, to rouze us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleaſures they procure us; but at the ſame time he has kindly given us reaſon ſufficient, if we will but give that reaſon fair play, to controul thoſe paſſions; and has delegated authority to ſay to them, as he ſaid to the waters, "Thus far ſhall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own ſevereſt tormentor; his breaſt knows no peace, while his raging paſſions are reſtrained by no ſenſe of either religious or moral duties. What would be his caſe, if his unforgiving example (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) were followed by his All-merciful Maker, whoſe forgiveneſs he can only hope for, in proportion as he himſelf forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

Ibid.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

ANXIETY.

Implanted in nature, but ſoftened by religion.

IT muſt be owned that fear is a very powerful paſſion, ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our preſervation, it is no wonder it ſticks cloſe to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as life and all its enjoyments are ſcarce worth the keeping, if we are under a perpetual dread of loſing them, it is the buſineſs of religion and philoſophy to free us from all unneceſſary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we conſider the painfulneſs of this paſſion, and the violent efforts it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it is to give way to it upon ſlight occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into madneſs, others have given up their lives to theſe apprehenſions. The ſtory of a man who grew grey in the ſpace of one night's anxiety, is very famous;

O Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una ſenem.

Theſe apprehenſions, if they proceed from a conſciouſneſs of guilt, are the ſad warnings of reaſon, and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withſtand him. We have this paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the puniſhment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague

plague of darkneſs, in the apocryphal book of Wiſdom aſcribed to Solomon—"For when unrighteous men thought to oppreſs the holy nation, they being ſhut up in their houſes, the priſoners of darkneſs, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they ſuppoſed to lie hid in their ſecret ſins, they were ſcattered under a dark veil of forgetfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed and troubled with ſtrange apparitions. —For Wickedneſs, condemned by her own witneſs, is very timorous, and being oppreſſed with conſcience, always forecaſteth grievous things. For fear is nothing elſe but a betraying of the ſuccours which reaſon offereth.—For the whole world ſhined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was ſpread an heavy light, an image of that darkneſs which ſhould afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themſelves more grievous than the darkneſs."

To fear ſo juſtly grounded, no remedy can be propoſed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of juſtice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of ſerious reflection, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly paſſion) would do well to conſider, that there is nothing which deſerves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought ſtrongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us, when we are ſure of the approbation of him who will repay the diſgrace of a moment with the

the glory of eternity? What ſharpneſs is there in pain and diſeaſes, when they only haſten us on to the pleaſures that will never fade? What ſting is in death, when we are aſſured it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives ſo, as not to fear to die, is inconſiſtent with himſelf, if he delivers himſelf up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a juſt good man is ſo nobly ſet forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That ſlings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt the falling world.

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illuſtrated, if we reflect, firſt, what we fear may not come to paſs. No human ſcheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little circumſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleaſure, and underſtands the thoughts long before, may by ten thouſand accidents, or an immediate change in the

the inclinations of men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own ſervants.

In the next place we ſhould conſider, though the evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous ſtate of life without its calamities, ſo there is no adverſity without its benefits. Aſk the great and powerful, if they cannot feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not taſted of the ſweets of eaſe and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the miſconſtructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for ſome time accuſtomed to theſe preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret flowings of comfort, the preſent reward of a pious reſignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a diſtance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful ſpots, and refreſhing ſprings, mixed with the harſhneſs and deformity of nature.

In the laſt place we may comfort ourſelves with this conſideration, that as the thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our ſtrength, is often pleaſed in his tender ſeverity, to ſeparate the ſoul from its body and miſeries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we ſhall never be in danger of falling down thoſe precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye

eye fixt upon one point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas an imprudent and cowardly glance on either ſide will infallibly deſtroy us.

Spectator.

CHAP. XV.

APPARITIONS.

SECT. I.

A diſcuſſion upon their exiſtence.

AT a little diſtance from Sir Roger's houſe, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the rooks and crows that reſt upon the tops of them, ſeem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this ſort of noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of the whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Pſalms, "feedeth the young ravens that call upon him." I like this retirement the better, becauſe of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reaſon, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it beſides the chaplain. My good friend the butler deſired me with a grave face, not to venture myſelf in it after ſun-ſet, for that one of the footmen had been almoſt frighted to death by a ſpi-

a ſpirit that appeared to him in the ſhape of a black horſe without an head; to which he added, About a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard ſuch a ruſtling among the buſhes that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a walk in the ſame place laſt night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper ſcenes in the world for a ghoſt to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are ſcattered up and down every ſide, and half covered with ivy and elder buſhes, the harbours of ſeveral ſolitary birds, which ſeldom make their appearance until the duſk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and had ſtill ſeveral marks of graves and tomb-ſtones. There is ſuch an eccho among the old ruins and vaults, that if one ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the ground repeat it. At the ſame time the walk of elms, with the croaking of ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, look exceedingly ſolemn and venerable. Theſe objects naturally raiſe ſerioufneſs and attention; and when night heightens the awfulneſs of the place, and pours out her ſupernumerary horror upon every thing in it, I do not in the leaſt wonder that weak minds fill it with ſpectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Aſſociation of Ideas, has very curious remarks to ſhew how by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole ſet that bear no reſemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among ſeveral examples of this kind, he produces the following inſtance: "The ideas of goblins and ſprites have really no more to do with

with darkneſs than light; yet let a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a child, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never again be able to ſeparate them ſo long as he lives, but darkneſs ſhall ever afterwards bring with it thoſe frightful ideas; and they ſhall be ſo joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this ſolitude, where the duſk of the evening conſpired with ſo many other occaſions of terror, I obſerved a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to ſtartle, might have eaſily conſtrued into a black horſe without an head; and I dare ſay the poor footman loſt his wits upon ſome ſuch trivial occaſion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his firſt coming to his eſtate, he found three parts of his houſe altogether uſeleſs; that the beſt room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noiſes had been heard in his long gallery, ſo that he could not get a ſervant to enter into it at eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was locked up, becauſe there went a ſtory, that a butler had formerly hanged himſelf in it; and that his mother, who had lived to a very great age, had ſhut up all the rooms in the houſe, in which either her huſband, a ſon, or daughter had died. The knight ſeeing his habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own houſe, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorciſed by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means diſſipated the fears which had ſo long reigned in the family.

I ſhould not have been thus particular upon theſe ridiculous horrors, did I not find them ſo very much prevail in the country. At the ſame time, I think a perſon who is thus terrified with the imaginations of ghoſts and ſpectres, much more reaſonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all hiſtorians, ſacred and prophane, antient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of ſpirits fabulous and groundleſs. Could not I give myſelf up to this general teſtimony of mankind, I ſhould to the relation of particular perſons now living, and whom I cannot diſtruſt in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the hiſtorians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewiſe the philoſophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himſelf, though by the courſe of his philoſophy he was obliged to maintain, that the ſoul did not exiſt ſeparate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was ſo preſſe dwith the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, that the ſurfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective bodies, one after another, and that theſe ſurfaces or thin caſes, that included each other whilſt they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are ſometimes ſeen entire when they are ſeparated from it, by which means we often behold the ſhapes and ſhadows of perſons who are either dead or abſent.

I ſhall

I ſhall diſmiſs this paper with a ſtory out of Joſephus, not ſo much for the ſake of the ſtory itſelf, as for the moral reflexions with which the author concludes it, and which I ſhall here ſet down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of Archelaus, after the death of her two firſt huſbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her firſt huſband, and ſo paſſionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied ſhe ſaw her firſt huſband coming towards her, and that ſhe embraced him with great tenderneſs, when in the midſt of the pleaſure ſhe expreſt at the ſight of him, he reproached her in the following manner: Glaphyra, ſays he, thou haſt made good the old ſaying, that women are not to be truſted. Was I not the huſband of thy virginity? have I not children by thee? How couldſt thou forget thy love ſo far, as to enter into a ſecond marriage, and after that into a third: nay, to take for thy huſband a man who has ſo ſhamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the ſake of our paſſed loves, I ſhall free thee from thy preſent reproach, and make thee mine for ever. Glaphyra told this dream to ſeveral women of her acquaintance, and died ſoon after. I thought this ſtory might not be impertinent here; beſides that, the example ought to be taken notice of, as it contains a moſt certain proof of the immortality of the ſoul, and of divine providence. If any man thinks theſe facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion himſelf; but let him not diſturb the opinion of others, who by inſtances of this nature are excited to the ſtudy of virtue."

Spectator.

SECT. II.

Apparition of Plutus to Chremylus: an inſtructive ſtory.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and good man, and withal exceeding poor, being deſirous to leave ſome riches to his ſon, conſults the oracle of Apollo upon the ſubject. The oracle bid him follow the firſt man he ſhould ſee coming out of the temple. The perſon he chanced to ſee, was to appearance an old, ſordid, blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at laſt found by his own confeſſion, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was juſt come out of the houſe of a rich miſer. Plutus farther told him, that when he was a boy he uſed to declare, that as ſoon as he came to age, he would diſtribute wealth to none but virtuous and juſt men; upon which Jupiter conſidering the conſequences of ſuch a reſolution, took his ſight away from him, and left him to ſtrole about in the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado the old man prevailed upon him to go to his houſe, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his gueſt for many years, and whoſe name was Poverty. The old woman refuſing to turn out ſo eaſily as he would have her, he threatened not only to baniſh her his own houſe but all Greece, if ſhe made any more words about the matter. Poverty on this occaſion pleads her own cauſe very notably, and repreſents

ſents to her old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trade, arts and ſciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they ſhould never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life, which made riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries, in regard to their ſhape, their health, and their activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unwieldineſs and intemperance: but whatever ſhe had to ſay for herſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately conſidered how he ſhould reſtore Plutus to his ſight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Eſculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed for piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, till in the laſt act Mercury deſcends, with great complaints from the gods, that ſince the good men were grown rich, they had received no ſacrifices; which is confirmed by a prieſt of Jupiter, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince this late innovation, he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes with a propoſal, which was reliſhed by all the good men who were grown rich as himſelf, that they ſhould carry Plutus in

a ſolemn proceſſion to the temple, and inſtal him in the place of Jupiter.

This allegory inſtructed the Athenians in two points; firſt, as it indicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſs them. *Tatler.*

CHAP. XVI.

APPETITES.

SECT. I.

Should be properly reſtricted, or they may chance to expoſe one to ridicule.

I AM now in the ſixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleaſure, the decay of my faculties is a ſtagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are encreaſed upon me, with the loſs of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon that reformation they pleaſe to make in themſelves in their youth, and not expect they ſhall be capable of it, from a fond opinion that ſome have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our deſires, they will leave us. It is far otherwiſe: I am now as vain in my dreſs, and as flippant if I ſee a pretty woman, as when in my youth I ſtood upon the bench in the pit to ſurvey the whole circle of beauties.

This

This folly is so extravagant with me, and I go on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on to write love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the vain memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could look back upon any worthy action done my country! if I had laid out that which I spent in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity and charity! I have lived a batchelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which in the regular way of life I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues, which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have treated of it or not, but you cannot fall upon a better subject than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one sets his heart upon what is transient; the beauty grows wrinkled while we are gazing at her; the witty man sinks into an humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing. Thus he is in the space of ten or fifteen years, surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking and mode of living were formerly to him and his friends. But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of, with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain

againſt each other for different opinions. Thus a crazy conſtitution and uneaſy mind is fretted with vexatious paſſions for young men's doing fooliſhly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my preſent ſtate of mind: I hate thoſe I ſhould laugh at, and envy thoſe I ſhould contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood paſſed the way in which I have diſpoſed of it, is attended with theſe conſequences; but to thoſe who live and paſs away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleaſant; only the memory of good and worthy actions is a feaſt which muſt give a quicker reliſh to the ſoul than ever it could taſte in the higheſt enjoyments and jollities of youth. As for me, if I ſit down in my great chair, and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumſtances which are heaped up in my memory: fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted converſations, and midnight quarrels, are what muſt neceſſarily compoſe my ſoliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that ſome ladies of my acquaintance, and my years, may be perſuaded to warm night-caps this cold ſeaſon, and that my old friend Jack Tawdry may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of a ſtrut. I muſt add to all this, that if it were not for one pleaſure, which I thought a very mean one till of late years, I ſhou'd have no great ſatisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of March, and all my ſecurities are good, I ſhall be worth 50,00 l.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt humble ſervant,

Spectator. J. AFTERDAY.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Appetites properly uſed contribute much to our happineſs.

NATURE has implanted in us two very ſtrong deſires; hunger for the preſervation of the individual, and luſt for the ſupport of the ſpecies; or, to ſpeak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own perſons, and the latter to introduce others into the world. According as men behave themſelves with regard to theſe appetites, they are above or below the beaſts of the field, which are incited to them without choice or reflection: but reaſonable creatures correct their incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendſhip and ſociety. It is chiefly from this homely foundation, that we are under the neceſſity of ſeeking for the agreeable companion and honourable miſtreſs. By the cultivation of art and reaſon, our wants are made pleaſures, and the gratification of our deſires, under proper reſtrictions, a work no way below our nobleſt faculties. The wiſeſt man may maintain his character, and yet conſider in what manner he ſhall beſt entertain his friend, or divert his miſtreſs. Nay, 'tis ſo far from being a degradation to him, that he can in no other inſtance ſhew ſo true a taſte of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I ſhall have abundant occaſion to diſcourſe of, before I have provided for the numberleſs crowds of damſels I have propoſed to take care of. The ſubject of

the preſent paper ſhall be that part of ſociety which owes its beginning to the common neceſſity of hunger. When this is conſidered as the ſupport of our being, we may take under the ſame head thirſt alſo; otherwiſe, when we are purſuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his eſcape. The true choice of our diet and our companions at it, ſeems to conſiſt in that which contributes moſt to chearfulneſs and refreſhment; and theſe are beſt conſulted by ſimplicity in the food, and ſincerity in the company. By this rule, we are, in the firſt place, excluded from pretence to happineſs, all meals of ſtate and ceremony, which are performed in dumb ſhow and greedy ſullenneſs. At the boards of the great, they ſay, you ſhall have a number attending with as great habits and countenances as the gueſts, which only circumſtance muſt deſtroy the whole pleaſure of the repaſt; for if ſuch attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modeſt minds are ſhocked, as conſidering them as ſpectators, or elſe look upon them as equals, for whoſe ſervitude they are in a kind of ſuffering. It may be here added, that the ſumptuous ſide-board to an ingenuous eye has more the appearance of an altar than a table. The next abſurd way of enjoying ourſelves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for; where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull or too merry to know any enjoyment in their ſenſes.

Though this part of time is abſolutely neceſſary to ſuſtain life, it muſt be alſo conſidered, that life itſelf is to the endleſs being of man, but what a meal is to this life; not valuable for itſelf, but the purpoſes of it. If there be any truth

truth in this, the expence of many hours in this way is ſomewhat unaccountable, and placing too much thought either in too great ſumptuouſneſs and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noiſe or riot at it, are both, though not equally unaccountable. I have often conſidered thoſe different people with very great attention, and always ſpeak of them with the diſtinction of Eaters and Swallowers. The Eaters ſacrifice all their ſenſe and underſtanding to this appetite. The Swallowers hurry themſelves out of both, without pleaſing this or any appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former degenerated men. I have ſometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, perſons in an intermediate ſtate of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a ſet, who, inſtead of keeping their appetites in ſubjection, live in ſubjection to them. Nay, they are ſo truly ſlaves to them, that they keep at too great a diſtance ever to come into their preſence. Within my own acquaintance I know thoſe that I dare ſay have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no leſs ſtrangers to thirſt and wearineſs; who are beholden to ſauces for their food, and to their food for their wearineſs.

I have often wondered, conſidering the excellent and choice ſpirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at preſent. So many men of wit and ſpirit as there are in ſacred orders, have it in their power to make the faſhion of their ſide. The leaders in human ſociety are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can eaſily be imagined. I have more than one

in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this againſt all the oppoſition of the moſt witty as well as the moſt voluptuous. There may be poſſibly more acceptable ſubjects, but ſure there are none more uſeful. It is viſible, that though men's fortunes, circumſtances, and pleaſures, give them paſſions too ſtrong to regard any mention either of puniſhments or rewards, they will liſten to what makes them inconſiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain ſuch topicks are to be touched upon in the light we mean, only by men of the moſt conſummate prudence, as well as excellent wit; for theſe diſcourſes are to be made, if made to run into example, before ſuch as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reaſon of the diſcourſe. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the laſt thing I read was a ſermon of the late Dr. South, upon the ways of pleaſantneſs. This amiable diſcourſe was made at court, where the preacher was too wiſe a man not to believe the greateſt argument in that place, againſt the pleaſures then in vogue, muſt be, that they loſt greater pleaſures by proſecuting the courſe they were in. The charming diſcourſe has in it whatever wit or wiſdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profeſſion. Happy genius! he is a better man for being a wit. The beſt way to praiſe this author is to quote him: and I think I defy any man to ſay a greater thing of him or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the

the whole diſcourſe I ſpeak of, below theſe which follow:

After having recommended the ſatisfaction of the mind and the pleaſures of the conſcience, he proceeds

"An ennobling property of it is, that it is ſuch a pleaſure as never ſatiates or wearies, for it properly affects the ſpirits; and ſpirits feel no weakneſs, as being privileged from the cauſes of it. But can the epicure ſay ſo of any of the pleaſures that he ſo much doats upon? Do not they expire while they ſatisfy, and after a few minutes refreſhment determine in loathing and unquietneſs? How ſhort is the interval between a pleaſure and a burthen! How undiſcernible is the tranſition from the one to the other! Pleaſure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the neceſſities of nature, which are quickly and eaſily provided for, and then all that follows is a load and an oppreſſion: every morſel to a ſatisfied hunger, is only a new labour to a tired digeſtion: every draught to him that has quenched his thirſt, is but a farther quenching of nature, and a proviſion for rheum and diſeaſes; a drowning of the quickneſs and activity of the ſpirits.

"He that prolongs his meals, and ſacrifices his time as well as his conveniences to his luxury, how quickly does he outſit his pleaſures, and then how is all the following time diſpoſed upon ceremony and ſurfeits; 'till at length, after the fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the whole work of dining genteelly, and ſo makes a ſhift to riſe from table, that he may lay down upon the bed; when, after he has ſlept himſelf into ſome uſe of himſelf, by

much ado he ſtaggers to his table again, and there acts again the ſame brutiſh ſcene; ſo that he paſſes his whole life in a doſed condition, between ſleeping and waking, with a kind of drowſineſs and confuſion upon his ſenſes, which what pleaſure it can be, is hard to conceive: all that is of it dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compaſs of his palate. A worthy prize to purchaſe with the loſs of his time, his reaſon, and himſelf." *Spectator.*

CHAP. XVII.

ART.

SECT. I.

The works of art defective in entertaining the imagination.

IF we conſider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments

liſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with a country-life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus & fugit urbes.
Hor.

Hìc ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita.
Dives opum variarum; hìc latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hìc frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
Virg.

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſkips of trees, clouds and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious

fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effects of deſign, in what we call the works of chance.

Spectator, N°. 414.

SECT. II.

Advantage from their ſimilarity to thoſe of nature.

IF the products of nature riſe in value, according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in opticks. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the novelty of ſuch a ſight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination, but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it repreſents.

We have before obſerved, that there is generally in nature ſomething more grand and auguſt, than

than what we meet with in the curioſities of art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleaſure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our Engliſh gardens are not ſo entertaining to the fancy as thoſe in France and Italy, where we ſee a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial rudeneſs, much more charming than that neatneſs and elegance which we meet with in thoſe of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill conſequence to the publick, as well as unprofitable to private perſons, to alienate ſo much ground from paſturage and the plow, in many parts of a country that is ſo well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole eſtate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleaſure of the owner? A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helpt and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſkip of his own poſſeſſions. *Ibid.*

SECT.

SECT. III.

On the progreſs of the Arts.

THE natural progreſs of the works of men is from rudeneſs to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The firſt labour is enforced by neceſſity. The ſavage finds himſelf incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he ſhelters himſelf in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the ſun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chace, or the convenience of paſturage leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himſelf, by planting ſtakes at proper diſtances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of ſkill and induſtry produces a houſe, cloſed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and diſpoſed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement ſucceeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a leſs, 'till eaſe in time is advanced to pleaſure.

The mind ſet free from the importunities of natural want, gains leiſure to go in ſearch of ſuperfluous gratifications, and adds to the uſes of habitation the delights of proſpect. Then begins the reign of ſymmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reaſon than that the eye may not be offended.

The

The paſſage is very ſhort from elegance to luxury. Ionick and Corinthian columns are ſoon ſucceeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which ſhew rather the wealth than the taſte of the poſſeſſor.

Idler, No. 63.

CHAP. XVIII.

ASTRONOMY.

SECT. I.

The ſtudy of it peculiarly delightful.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind (I hope it was not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable ſcenes whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurprize!

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found all over Great-Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are ſeveral other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than onr own? "Ay, but, ſays ſome illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yet you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured

to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yields a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur.

Tatler.

SECT. II.

The planetary and terreſtrial worlds comparatively conſidered.

TO us, who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo cloathed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aſpect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who ſtill dwell at greater diſtances it entirely diſappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ſtar; as in one part of the orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which with the four others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection;

flection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own, are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The ſun, which ſeems to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line extending from ſide to ſide through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overwhelm our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs. Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age, ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more inlarged and more inflaming.

This ſun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the

the univerſe; every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and in glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of the day: ſo that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether. That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is, ſince a ball, ſhot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, muſt travel at this impetuous rate almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand years, before it could reach the neareſt of theſe twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs, I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth, with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing grand furniture of the ſkies? What, but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe? It is obſerved by a very judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be miſſed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, any more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that their loſs would

would leave ſcarce a blank in the immenſity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordſhips, or the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtiled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is their ſize, how contemptible their figure! they ſhrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

CHAP. XIX.

ATHEISM.

SECT. I.

Atheiſm defeats the chief ends of living.

ATHEISM is imprudent, becauſe it is unſafe in the iſſue. The atheiſt contends againſt the religious man, that there is no God; but upon ſtrange inequality and odds; for he ventures his eternal intereſt; whereas the religious man only ventures the loſs of his luſts (which it is much better for him to be without) or at the utmoſt of ſome temporal convenience; and all this while is inwardly more contented and happy, and uſually more healthful, and perhaps meets with more reſpect and more faithful friends,

friends, and lives in a more ſecure and flouriſhing condition, and more free from the evils and puniſhments of this world, than the atheiſtical perſon does. However, it is not much that he ventures; and after this life, if there be no God, is as well as he; but if there be a God, is infinitely better, even as much as unſpeakable and eternal happineſs is better than extreme and endleſs miſery. So that if the arguments for and againſt a God were equal, and it were an even queſtion, whether there were one or not; yet the hazard and danger is ſo infinitely unequal, that in point of prudence and intereſt, every man were obliged to incline to the affirmative; and whatever doubts he might have about it, to chuſe the ſafeſt ſide of the queſtion, and to make that the principle to live by; for he that acts wiſely, and is thoroughly a prudent man, will be provided againſt all events, and will take care to ſecure the main chance, whatever happens. But the atheiſt, in caſe things ſhould fall out contrary to his belief and expectation, hath made no proviſion for this caſe. If, contrary to his confidence, it ſhould prove in the iſſue that there is a God, the man is loſt and undone for ever. If the atheiſt, when he dies, ſhould find that his ſoul remains after his body, and has only quitted its lodging, how will this man be amazed and blanked, when, contrary to his expectation, he ſhall find himſelf in a new and ſtrange place, amidſt a world of ſpirits, entered upon an everlaſting and unchangeable ſtate? How ſadly will the man be diſappointed, when he finds all things otherwiſe than he had ſtated and determined them in this world! When he comes to appear before that God whom he hath denied,

denied, and againſt whom he hath ſpoken as deſpiteful things as he could, who can imagine the pale and guilty looks of this man, and how he will ſhiver and tremble for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majeſty? How will he be ſurpriſed with terrors on every ſide, to find himſelf thus unexpectedly and irrecoverably plunged into a ſtate of ruin and deſperation? And thus things may happen, for all this man's confidence; for our belief or diſbelief of things does not alter the nature of the thing. We cannot fancy things into being, or make them vaniſh into nothing by the ſtubborn confidence of our imaginations: things are as ſullen as we are, and will be what they are, whatever we think of them; and if there be a God, a man cannot by an obſtinate diſbelief of him make him ceaſe to be, any more than a man can put out the ſun by winking. *Tillotſon.*

SECT. II.

Atheiſm a preſumptive proof of ignorance and want of talents.

IT is indeed a melancholy reflection to conſider, that the Britiſh nation, which is now at a greater height of glory, for its councils and conqueſts, than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain looſeneſs of principles, and a falling off from thoſe ſchemes of thinking which conduce to the happineſs and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few ſolemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and ſeriouſneſs of an apoſtle to extirpate common ſenſe,

ſenſe, and propagate infidelity. Theſe are the wretches, who, without any ſhew of wit, learning, or reaſon, publiſh their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and immediately, to become conſpicuous, declares that he was an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues againſt the immortality of the ſoul. I have known many a little wit, in the oſtentation of his parts, rally the truth of the ſcripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. Theſe poor wretches talk blaſphemy for want of diſcourſe, and are rather the objects of ſcorn or pity than of our indignation; but the grave diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government as a blot to a civil ſociety, and a defamer of mankind. I love to conſider an infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-thinker, in three different lights; in his ſolitudes, his afflictions, and his laſt moments. A wiſe man who lives up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, if we conſider him in his ſolitude, as taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependance and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his paſſions, or ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eyes of an intelligent being, than the greateſt conqueror amidſt all the pomps and ſolemnities of a triumph. On the contrary,

there

there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheiſt in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a landſkip, and wandering up and down in a field, or a meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt of animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongſt them who lies under the apprehenſion of it.

In diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn: he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſſed, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt bleſſing he can propoſe to himſelf, and an halter or a piſtol the only refuge he can fly to; but if you would behold one of theſe gloomy miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhip-board with one of theſe vermin, when there aroſe a briſk gale, which could frighten no nobody but himſelf. Upon the rowling of the ſhip he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the chaplain that he had been an atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to man's eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, that there was an atheiſt upon the upper deck. Several of the common ſeamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed till that day

day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confeſſion, one of the honeſt tars whiſpered to the boatſwain, that it would be a good deed to heave him over-board: but we were now within ſight of port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what was paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on ſhip-board, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the lie on both ſides, and ended in a duel. The atheiſt was run through the body; and, after ſome loſs of blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at ſea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. *Tatler*, N°. 111.

SECT. III.

Atheiſt, a deteſtable character.

I CANNOT forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation; I mean the zealots in atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, though they fall ſhort in every other reſpect of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in this particular, and be exempt from that ſingle fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But ſo it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceneſs and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the ſafety

of mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their proper colours. They are a ſort of gameſters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing: they are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them; in ſhort, the zeal of ſpreading atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than atheiſm itſelf.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheiſts and infidels, I muſt farther obſerve, that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impoſſibility; and, at the ſame time, look upon the ſmalleſt difficulty in an article of faith as a ſufficient reaſon of rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reaſon of mankind, that are conformable to the ſenſe of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happineſs of ſocieties, or particular perſons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and ſchemes erected in their ſtead, that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain aſk one of theſe bigotted infidels, ſuppoſing all the great points of atheiſm, as the caſual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking ſubſtance, the mortality of the ſoul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinion of the moſt celebrated atheiſt: I ſay, ſuppoſe ſuch a creed as this were formed, and impoſed upon any

any one people of the world, whether it would not require infinitely a greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise that generation of wranglers, for their own and the publick good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

Spectator, N°. 186.

CHAP. XX.

AVARICE.

SECT. I.

A very whimsical and contemptible passion.

THERE is only one vice which may be found in life with as strong features and as high a colouring as need be employed by any satyrist or comic poet, and that is Avarice. Every day we meet with men of immense fortunes, without heirs, and on the very brink of the grave, who refuse themselves the most common necessaries of life, and go on heaping possessions on possessions, under all the real pressures of the severest poverty. An old usurer, says the story, lying in his last agonies, was presented by the priest with the crucifix to worship. He opens his eyes a moment before he expires, considers the crucifix, and cries, These

jewels are not true; I can only lend ten piſtoles upon ſuch pledge. This was probably the invention of an Epigrammatiſt; and yet every one, from his own experience, may be able to recollect almoſt as ſtrong inſtances of perſeverance in avarice. 'Tis commonly reported of a famous miſer in this city, that finding himſelf near death, he ſent for ſome magiſtrates, and gave them a bill of an hundred pounds, payable after his deceaſe; which ſum he deſired might be diſpoſed of in charitable uſes: but ſcarce were they gone, when he ordered them to be called back, and offers them ready money, if they would abate five pounds of the ſum. Another noted miſer in the North, intending to defraud his heirs, and leave his fortune to the building an hoſpital, protracted the drawing his will from day to day; and 'tis thought, that if thoſe intereſted in it had not paid for the drawing of it, he had died inteſtate. In ſhort, none of the moſt furious exceſſes of love and ambition are in any reſpect to be compared to the extremes of avarice.

Hume's Eſſays.

SECT. II.

Why this vice predominates in old age.

THE beſt excuſe that can be made for avarice is, that it generally prevails in old men, or in men of cold tempers, where all the other affections are extinct; and the mind being incapable of remaining without ſome paſſion or purſuit, at laſt finds out this monſtrouſly abſurd one, which ſuits the coldneſs and inactivity of its

its temper. At the ſame time it ſeems very extraordinary, that ſo froſty ſpiritleſs a paſſion ſhould be able to carry us farther than all the warmth of youth and pleaſure: but if we look more narrowly into the matter, we ſhall find that this very circumſtance renders the explication of the caſe more eaſy. When the temper is warm, and full of vigour, it naturally ſhoots out more ways than one, and produces inferior paſſions to counterbalance, in ſome degrees, its predominant inclination. 'Tis impoſſible for a perſon of that temper, however bent on any purſuit, to be deprived of all ſenſe of ſhame, or all regard to the ſentiments of mankind; his friends muſt have ſome influence over him, and other conſiderations are apt to have their weight. All this ſerves to reſtrain him within ſome bounds: but 'tis no wonder that the avaricious man, being from the coldneſs of his temper, without regard to reputation, to friendſhip, or to pleaſure, ſhould be carried ſo far by his prevailing inclination, and ſhould diſplay his paſſion in ſuch ſurpriſing inſtances.

Accordingly we find no vice ſo irreclaimable as avarice; and though there ſcarcely has been a moraliſt or philoſopher from the beginning of the world to this day, who has not levelled a ſtroke at it, we hardly find a ſingle inſtance of a perſon being cured of it. For this reaſon I am more apt to approve of thoſe who attack it with wit and humour, than of thoſe who treat it in a ſerious manner. There being ſo little hopes of doing good to the people infected with this vice, I would have the reſt of mankind at leaſt diverted by our manner of expoſing it.

Hume's Eſſays.

CHAP. XXI.

AUTHOR.

That character and profeſſion diſcuſſed.

THERE is no character in human life, which is the ſubject of more frequent ſpeculation among the vulgar, than an author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be ſomething different from all other people; and it is remarkable with what greedineſs they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and converſation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By ſome he is ſuppoſed never to ſtir out of a garret, to wear a ruſty black coat, dirty ſhirt, and darned ſtockings, and to want all the neceſſaries, as well as conveniencies, of life; while others regard him as a creature ſuperior to the reſt of mortals, and endowed with ſomething more than reaſon. One part, therefore, is ſurprized to ſee him walk abroad, and appear as well dreſſed as other people; and another is diſappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it leſs curious to conſider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the buſineſs of writing is executed. The novice in literature, "ſmit with the love of ſacred ſong," but not yet dipt in ink, ſuppoſes it all rapture and enthuſiaſm, and in imagination ſees the Author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables; while the mechanic conſiders him as working at his trade, and thinks he can ſit down to write, whenever he pleaſes, as readily as the ſmith can labour at his

his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the Author with ſome veneration as a ſcholar: but writing appears to him a mighty eaſy buſineſs, and he ſmiles, whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the leaſt conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harraſſed with purſuing a long train of ideas.

As people are led frequently to judge of a man from his ordinary converſation, ſo it is common for them to form an idea of the Author's diſpoſition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be ſpread over the face of a mathematician; a controverſial writer muſt be given to wrangling and diſpute; and they imagine, that a ſatiriſt muſt be made up of ſpleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate. I know an Author of a tragedy, who is the merrieſt man living; and one who has wrote a very witty comedy, though he will ſit an hour in company without ſpeaking a word. Lord Buckhurſt is celebrated for being "the "beſt good man with the worſt-natur'd muſe;" and Addiſon was remarkably ſhy and reſerved in converſation. I remember, I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a phyſician, who were no leſs famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence in their ſeveral profeſſions. After the uſual common topics were diſcuſſed, the phyſician and the poet fell into a diſpute concerning predeſtination; the divine ſmoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myſelf formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it poſſible to conjure up the ſpirits of the moſt eminent wits in former ages,

and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addiſon would probably ſit ſtaring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himſelf with ſucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine ſpilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-ſcrew round his finger.

The ſtrange prejudices, which ſome perſons conceive againſt Authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the ſervice of literature: or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the preſs, he ſteals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would perhaps, on another occaſion, to a ſurgeon. He is afraid, that he ſhall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will deſpiſe him as a low wretch, as ſoon as they diſcover him to be an Author: as if merely the appearing in print was a diſgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a ſtamp of ſhame and ignominy. Theſe are the terrors, which at firſt diſturb the peace of almoſt every Author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, "O that "mine enemy had written a book!"

Theſe fearful apprehenſions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all Authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or ſuppreſs, out of deference to the world: but, if this falſe modeſty is too much cheriſhed, it muſt of courſe damp all genius, and diſcourage every literary undertaking. Why ſhould it be diſgraceful to exert the nobleſt faculties given us by nature? and why ſhould any man bluſh

at

at acquitting himſelf well in a work, which there is ſcarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even ſuppoſing an Author to ſupport himſelf by the profit ariſing from his works, there is nothing more diſhoneſt, ſcandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politeſt of all profeſſions) living on his commiſſion. Senſe and genius are as proper commodities to traffick in, as courage; and an Author is no more to be condemned as an hackney ſcribbler, though he writes at the rate of ſo much *per* ſheet, than a Colonel ſhould be deſpiſed as a mercenary and a bravo, for expoſing himſelf to be ſlaſhed, ſtuck, and ſhot at for ſo much *per* day. The truth is, that Authors themſelves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a diſgrace on the ſervice of literature, by being aſhamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his Letters on the Engliſh, relates a remarkable inſtance of this kind of falſe pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his reſpects to a writer ſo much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him as a common gentleman, but would not be conſidered or converſed with as an Author. The French writer was a good deal ſurpriſed at ſuch a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he ſhould never have had any deſire of ſeeing him. *Connoiſſeur.*

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

BEAUTY.

SECT. I.

The vanity of it.

THE winding-ſheet and the coffin are the utmoſt bound of all earthly devices: hitherto may they go, but no farther. Here the ſons of pleaſure take a final farewel of their dear delights. No more is the ſenſualiſt anointed with oil, or crowned with roſe-buds. He chants no more to the melody of the viol; nor revels any longer at the banquet of wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous tables, and delicious feaſts, the poor voluptuary is himſelf a feaſt for fattened inſects: the reptile reſts in his fleſh; the worm feeds ſweetly upon him. Here alſo Beauty fails; bright Beauty drops her luſtre here. O! how her roſes fade, and her lillies languiſh, in this bleak ſoil! How does thegr and Leveller pour contempt upon the charmer of our hearts! how turn to deformity what captivated the world before!

Could the lover have a ſight of his once inchanting fair one, what a ſtartling aſtoniſhment would ſeize him! Is this the object I not long ago ſo paſſionately admired? I ſaid ſhe was divinely fair, and thought her ſomewhat more

more than mortal; her form was ſymmetry itſelf; every elegance breathed in her air; and all the Graces waited on her motions. 'Twas muſick when ſhe ſpoke; but when ſhe ſpoke encouragement, 'twas little leſs than rapture. How my heart danced to thoſe charming accents! And can that, which, ſome weeks ago, was to admiration lovely, be now ſo inſufferably loathſome? Where are thoſe bluſhing cheeks? where the coral lips? where the ivory neck, on which the curling jet in ſuch gloſſy ringlets flowed? with a thouſand other beauties of perſon, and ten thouſand delicacies of action. Amazing alteration! deluſory bliſs! Fondly I gazed upon the glittering meteor: it ſhone brightly, and I miſtook it for a ſtar, for a permanent and ſubſtantial good; but how is it fallen, fallen from an orb not its own! and all that I can trace on earth is but a putrid maſs.

Lie, poor Florella! lie deep, as thou doſt, in obſcure darkneſs. Let Night, with her impenetrable ſhades, always conceal thee. May no prying eye be witneſs to thy diſgrace; but let thy ſurviving ſiſters think upon thy ſtate, when they contemplate the idol in the glaſs, when the pleaſing image riſes gracefully to view, ſurrounded with a world of charms, and fluſhed with joy at the conſciouſneſs of them all.—Then in thoſe minutes of temptation and danger, when vanity uſes to ſteal into the thoughts, then let them remember what a veil of horror is drawn over a face, which was once beautiful and brilliant as theirs. Such a ſeaſonable reflection might regulate the labours of the toilet, and create a more earneſt ſolicitude to poliſh the jewel, than to varniſh the caſket; it might

then become their higheſt ambition, to have the mind decked with divine virtues, and dreſſed after the amiable pattern of their Redeemer's holineſs.

And would this prejudice their perſons, or depreciate their charms? Quite the reverſe; it would ſpread a ſort of heavenly glory over the fineſt ſet of features, and heighten the lovelineſs of every other engaging accompliſhment. — And what is yet a more inviting conſideration; thoſe flowers would not wither with nature, nor be tarniſhed by time; but would open continually into richer beauties, and flouriſh even in the winter of age. But the moſt incomparable recommendation of thoſe noble qualities, is, that from their hallowed relics, as from the fragrant aſhes of the Phenix, will, ere long, ariſe an illuſtrious form, bright as the wings of angels, laſting as the light of the new Jeruſalem.

Hervey's Meditations.

SECT. II.

The true idea of it.

I SUPPOSE it will be eaſily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has ſeen only one of that ſpecies: this is as concluſive in regard to the human figure; ſo that if a man, born blind, was to recover his ſight, and the moſt beautiful woman was brought before him, he could not determine whether ſhe was handſome or not; nor if the moſt beautiful and moſt deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he ſhould give the preference, having

having ſeen only thoſe two. To diſtinguiſh beauty, then, implies the having ſeen many individuals of that ſpecies. If it is aſked how is more ſkill acquired by the obſervation of greater numbers? I anſwer, that in conſequence of having ſeen many, the power is acquired, even without ſeeking after it, of diſtinguiſhing between accidental blemiſhes and excreſcences, which are continually varying the ſurface of nature's works, and the invariable general form which nature moſt frequently produces and always ſeems to intend in her productions.

Thus amongſt the blades of graſs or leaves of the ſame tree, though no two can be found exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable. A naturaliſt, before he choſe one as a ſample, would examine many, ſince if he took the firſt that occurred it might have, by accident or otherwiſe, ſuch a form as that it would ſcarce be known to belong to that ſpecies; he ſelects, as the painter does, the moſt beautiful, that is, the moſt general form of nature.

Every ſpecies of the animal as well as the vegetable creation may be ſaid to have a fixed or determinate form, towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in the center; or it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point; and as they all croſs the center, though only one paſſes through any other point, ſo it will be found that perfect beauty is oftener produced by nature than deformity; I don't mean than deformity in general, but than any one kind of deformity. To inſtance in a particular part of a feature; the line that forms the ridge of the noſe is beautiful when it is ſtraight;

ſtraight; this then is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that ſhall be propoſed. As we are then more accuſtomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reaſon why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire cuſtoms and faſhions of dreſs for no other reaſon than that we are uſed to them; ſo that though habit and cuſtom cannot be ſaid to be the cauſe of beauty, it is certainly the cauſe of our liking it: and I have no doubt but that if we were more uſed to deformity than beauty, deformity would then loſe the idea now annexed to it, and take that of beauty; as if the whole world ſhould agree, that *yes* and *no* ſhould change their meanings; *yes* would then deny, and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed farther in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty reſpecting different ſpecies, or to ſhew why one ſpecies is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him, firſt, to prove that one ſpecies is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with a very good reaſon, will be readily granted; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgment. He who ſays a ſwan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleaſure in ſeeing a ſwan than a dove, either from the ſtateline ſs of its motions or its being a more rare bird; and he who gives the preference to the dove, does it from ſome aſſociation of ideas of innocence that he always annexes to the dove; but if he pretends

to

to defend the preference he gives to one or the other by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he ſhall fix on, as a criterion of form, he will be continually contradicting himſelf, and find at laſt that the great mother of nature will not be ſubject to ſuch narrow rules. Among the various reaſons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the moſt general, I believe, is habit and cuſtom. Cuſtom makes, in a certain ſenſe, white black, and black white; it is cuſtom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the Æthiopians, and they, for the ſame reaſon, prefer their own colour to ours. I ſuppoſe no body will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the goddeſs of Beauty, but that he would repreſent her black, with thick lips, flat noſe, and woolly hair; and, it ſeems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not: for by what criterion will any one diſpute the propriety of his idea? We, indeed, ſay, that the form and colour of the European is preferable to that of the Æthiopian; but I know of no other reaſon we have for it, but that we are more accuſtomed to it. It is abſurd to ſay, that beauty is poſſeſſed of attractive powers, which irreſiſtibly ſeize the correſponding mind with love and admiration, ſince that argument is equally concluſive in favour of the white and black philoſopher.

The black and white nations muſt, in reſpect of beauty, be conſidered as of different kinds, at leaſt a different ſpecies of the ſame kind; from

from one of which to the other, as I obſerved, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is ſaid to be one of the cauſes of beauty. That novelty is a very ſufficient reaſon why we ſhould admire, is not denied; but becauſe it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the ſame form, on account of its colour, has nothing to do with this argument, which reaches only to form. I have here conſidered the word Beauty as being properly applied to form alone. There is a neceſſity of fixing this confined ſenſe; for there can be no argument, if the ſenſe of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A roſe may as well be ſaid to be beautiful, becauſe it has a fine ſmell, as a bird becauſe of its colour. When we apply the word beauty, we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but ſomething valuable on account of its rarity, uſefulneſs, colour, or any other property. A horſe is ſaid to be a beautiful animal; but had a horſe as few good qualities as a tortoiſe, I do not imagine that he would be then eſteemed beautiful.

A fitneſs to the end propoſed, is ſaid to be another cauſe of beauty; but ſuppoſing we were proper judges of what form is the moſt proper in an animal to conſtitute ſtrength or ſwiftneſs, we always determine concerning its beauty, before we exert our underſtanding to judge of its fitneſs.

From what has been ſaid, it may be inferred, that the works of nature, if we compare one ſpecies with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from cuſtom, or

ſome

ſome aſſociation of ideas: and that in creatures of the ſame ſpecies, beauty is the medium or centre of all its various forms. *Idler.*

CHAP. II.

BEASTS.

Cruelty toward them condemned.

MONTAIGNE thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs and play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry that this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals. Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have

have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſort of birds, as Swallows or Martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence thoſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs; ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten out of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the ſtreets but has outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance,

tenance, I ſhall not determine, though I am inclined to believe the former, ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reſerved.

Guardian, N°. 61.

CHAP. III.

BEDLAM:

Reviewed in a viſion.

I IMAGINED that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extenſive plan by act of parliament, and that Dean Swift calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to ſee the new erected edifice, which he obſerved was not half capacious enough before to contain the various ſpecies of madneſs that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the ſeveral inhabitants.

The lady in the firſt apartment had prevailed upon her huſband, a man of ſtudy and œcono-

my,

my, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own houſe. This ſoon multiplied her obligations to the company ſhe kept; and in a fortnight ſhe inſiſted upon two more. His lordſhip venturing to oppoſe her demand with ſteady reſolution, but with equal tenderneſs, the lady complained that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was loſt with the faſhionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleaſures of a reaſonable being, and rendered her the moſt unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cauſe of her complaints, however, ſtill ſubſiſted, and by perpetually brooding over it, ſhe at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whoſe comedy having been juſtly damned, he began to vent his ſpleen againſt the public, by weekly abuſes of the preſent age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increaſed 'till at length it terminated in madneſs.

He on the right hand is a philoſopher, who has loſt his reaſon in a fruitleſs attempt to diſcover the cauſes of electricity.

He on the left, is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whoſe favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former ſeaſons, was diſtanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his underſtanding by cloſely ſtudying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himſelf for a profeſſorſhip which will ſhortly be eſtabliſhed and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-houſe, where lectures on this important ſubject are conſtantly to be read.

An

An unforeſeen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate priſoner. She had for a long time paſſed for fifteen years younger than ſhe was, and her lively behaviour and airy dreſs concurred to help forward the impoſition, 'till one evening being animated with an extraordinary flow of ſpirits, ſhe danced out ſeven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had reſolved to gain a plum. He was poſſeſſed of ſeventy thouſand pounds, and eagerly expected a ſhip that was to compleat his wiſhes. But the ſhip was caſt away in the Channel, and the merchant is diſtracted for his loſs.

That diſconſolate lady had for many years aſſiduouſly attended an old gouty uncle, had aſſented to all his abſurdities and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made his executrix, when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had ſack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother, which affords her no conſolation; for avarice is able to ſubdue the tenderneſs of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora; her fondneſs for an ungrateful huſband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a diſagreeable and affected proſtitute, and was driven to diſtraction.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewiſe? Alas! he has loſt his wits in enquiring whether or no the antients wore perukes; as did his neighbour Cynthio, by receiving a frown from his patron at the laſt levee.

The

The fat lady, on whom you look ſo earneſtly, is a grocer's wife in the city: her diſorder was occaſioned by her ſeeing at court laſt Twelfth night the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oilman, in a ſack far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchaſed thirty tickets in the laſt lottery. As he was a perſon of ſanguine complexion, and lively imagination, he was ſure of gaining the ten thouſand pounds by the number of his chances. He ſpent a month in ſurveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable ſoil for the fine houſe he intended to build. He next fixt his eye upon a moſt blooming and beautiful girl, whom he deſigned to honour as his bride. He beſpoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harneſs were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagée, the taylor, was ordered to ſend to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths was to be adorned: but, in the midſt of theſe preparations for proſperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and, inſtead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now ſee him in theſe melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour, in the next apartment, was an honeſt footman, who was perſuaded likewiſe to try his fortune in the ſame lottery; and who obtaining a very large and unexpected ſum, could not ſtand the ſhock of ſuch ſudden good fortune, but grew mad with exceſs of joy.

Yonder miſerable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a faſhionable brothel about a celebrated courtezan, killed a ſea-officer with whoſe face he was not acquainted, but who proved,

proved, upon enquiry, to be his own brother, who had been ten years abſent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell, you will there diſcover a lady of great worth, and fine accompliſhments, whoſe father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew ſhe had fixed her affections irrevocably upon another, who poſſeſſed an unincumbered eſtate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She ſubmitted to the orders of a ſtern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her huſband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and, beſides, communicated to her an infamous diſtemper, which her natural modeſty forbad her to diſcover in time; and the violent medicines, which were afterwards adminiſtered to her by an unſkilful ſurgeon threw her into a delirious fever, from which ſhe could never be recovered.

Here the Dean pauſed; and looking upon me with great earneſtneſs, and graſping my hand cloſely, ſpoke with an emphaſis that awaked me, "Think me not ſo inſenſible a monſter as to deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now ſurveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the ſame time pity the manifold miſeries of man."

Adventurer, N°. 109.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

BENEVOLENCE.

SECT. I.

The exertion of it contributes to our own happineſs.

LEARN, like a wiſe man, the true eſtimate of things. Deſire not more of the world than is neceſſary to accommodate you in paſſing through it: look upon every thing beyond, not as uſeleſs only, but burthenſome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making them your enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep, than ſatisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a noble kind; it grows by communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular ſtock. So by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together caſt a more extenſive brightneſs, but each ſingle light burns with a ſtronger flame. And, laſtly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an inſtrument of pleaſure, the greateſt pleaſure it can put into your power, is that of doing good. 'Tis worth conſidering, that the organs of ſenſe act within a narrow compaſs, and the appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier man? He, who confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetite, is capable but of ſhort fits of pleaſure? or the man, who reckoning himſelf a ſharer in the

ſatisfactions

ſatisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to them by his means, enlarges the ſphere of his happineſs.

The greateſt enemy to benevolence is a guilty or a diſcontented mind. A mind ruffled by ill fortune, diſcontented by its own paſſions, ſoured by neglect, or fretting at diſappointments, hath not leiſure to attend to the neceſſity or reaſonableneſs of a kindneſs deſired, nor a taſte for thoſe pleaſures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to reliſh them. The moſt miſerable of all beings is the moſt envious; as, on the other hand, the moſt communicative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the ſeat of perfect love and friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the region of the bleſſed, where happineſs, like a refreſhing ſtream, flows from heart to heart in an endleſs circulation, and is preſerved ſweet and untainted by the motion. 'Tis old advice, If you have a favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of addreſs, when the ſoul, in a fluſh of good-humour, takes a pleaſure to ſhew itſelf pleaſed. Perſons conſcious of their own integrity, ſatisfied with themſelves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, ſurvey all about them with a flow of good will. As trees which like their ſoil, they ſhoot out in expreſſions of kindneſs, and bend beneath their own precious load to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus eaſy, 'tis an infallible ſign that it is not in its natural ſtate. Place the mind in its right poſture, it will immediately diſcover its innate propenſion to beneficence. *Spectator*, No. 601.

SECT. II.

The ſeeds of it implanted in the ſoul.

AS in bodies, where the quantity is the ſame, the attraction is ſtrongeſt between thoſe which are placed neareſt to each other, ſo it is likewiſe in the minds of men, *ceteris paribus*, between thoſe which are moſt nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the diſtance of many millions of miles, may nevertheleſs attract and conſtantly operate on each other, although this action do not ſhew itſelf by an union or approach of thoſe diſtant bodies ſo long as they are with-held by the contrary forces of other bodies, which at the ſame time attract them different ways, but would, on the ſuppoſed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human ſoul, whoſe affections towards the individuals of the ſame ſpecies, who are diſtantly related to it, is rendered inconſpicuous by its more powerful attraction towards thoſe who have a nearer relation to it: but as thoſe are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed, doth gradually diſcloſe itſelf.

A man who has no family is more ſtongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours: and if abſent from theſe, he naturally falls into acquaintance with thoſe of his own city or country who chance to be in the ſame place. Two Engliſhmen meeting at Rome or Conſtantinople, ſoon run into a familiarity; and in China or Japan Europeans would think their being

being ſo, a good reaſon for their uniting in particular converſe. Farther, in caſe we ſuppoſe ourſelves tranſlated to Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chineſe, or other more diſtant native of our own planet, we ſhould look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendſhip with him. Theſe are natural reflections, and ſuch as may convince us, that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The ſeveral great bodies which compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem, are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity, by the rectilinear motions the Author of nature hath impreſſed on each of them, which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their reſpective orbits round the ſun, upon the ceaſing of which motions the general law of gravitation, that is now thwarted, would ſhew itſelf by drawing them all into one maſs. After the ſame manner, in the parallel caſe of ſociety, private paſſions and motions of the ſoul do often obſtruct the operation of that benevolent uniting inſtinct, implanted in human nature, which notwithſtanding doth ſtill exert, and will not fail to ſhew itſelf when thoſe obſtructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way, than by reſolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceaſes to diſpoſe and actuate his creatures in a manner ſuitable to their reſpective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cauſe. It is not the reſult of education, law,

or faſhion; but is a principle originally engrafted in the very firſt formation of the ſoul by the Author of our nature.

Guardian, No. 126.

CHAP. V.

BIOGRAPHY.

How beſt performed.

BIOGRAPHY is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is moſt eagerly read, and moſt eaſily applied to the purpoſes of life.

In Romances, when the wild field of poſſibility lies open to invention, the incidents may eaſily be made more numerous, the viciſſitudes more ſudden, and the events more wonderful; but from the time of life when fancy begins to be over-ruled by reaſon and corrected by experience, the moſt artful tale raiſes little curioſity when it is known to be falſe; tho' it may, perhaps, be ſometimes read as a model of a neat or elegant ſtile, not for the ſake of knowing what it contains, but how it is written; or thoſe that are weary of themſelves, may have recourſe to it as a pleaſing dream, of which, when they awake, they voluntarily diſmiſs the images from their minds.

The

The examples and events of hiſtory preſs, indeed, upon the mind with the weight of truth; but when they are repoſited in the memory, they are oftener employed for ſhew than uſe, and rather diverſify converſation than regulate life. Few are engaged in ſuch ſcenes as give them opportunities of growing wiſer by the downfal of ſtateſmen or the defeat of generals. The ſtratagems of war, and the intrigues of courts, are read by far the greater part of mankind with the ſame indifference as the adventures of fabled heroes, or the revolutions of a fairy region. Between falſehood and uſeleſs truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot ſpend will make no man rich, ſo knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wiſe.

The miſchievous conſequences of vice and folly, of irregular deſires and predominant paſſions, are beſt diſcovered by thoſe relations which are levelled with the general ſurface of life, which tell not how any man became great, but how he was made happy; not how he loſt the favour of his prince, but how he became diſcontented with himſelf.

Thoſe relations are therefore commonly of moſt value in which the writer tells his own ſtory. He that recounts the life of another, commonly dwells moſt upon conſpicuous events, leſſens the familiarity of his tale to increaſe its dignity, ſhews his favourite at a diſtance decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragick dreſs, and endeavours to hide the man that he may produce a hero.

But if it be true which was ſaid by a French

Prince, *That no man was a hero to the ſervants of his chamber*, it is equally true that every man is yet leſs a hero to himſelf. He that is moſt elevated above the croud by the importance of his employments or the reputation of his genius, feels himſelf affected by fame or buſineſs but as they influence his domeſtick life. The high and low, as they have the ſame faculties and the ſame ſenſes, have no leſs ſimilitude in their pains and pleaſures. The ſenſations are the ſame in all, tho' produced by very different occaſions. The prince feels the ſame pain when an invader ſeizes a province, as the farmer when a thief drives away his cow. Men thus equal in themſelves will appear equal in honeſt and impartial Biography; and thoſe whom fortune or nature place at the greateſt diſtance may afford inſtruction to each other.

The writer of his own life has at leaſt the firſt qualification of an hiſtorian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plauſibly objected that his temptations to diſguiſe it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the paſſages of his own life, as from him that delivers the tranſactions of another.

Certainty of knowledge not only excludes miſtake, but fortifies veracity. What we collect by conjecture, and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or ſentiments, is eaſily modified by fancy or by deſire; as objects imperfectly diſcerned, take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder.

But

But that which is fully known cannot be falſified but with reluctance of underſtanding, and alarm of conſcience; of underſtanding, the lover of truth; of conſcience, the ſentinel of virtue.

He that writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and wiſhes either to exalt his praiſe or aggravate his infamy; many temptations to falſehood will occur in the diſguiſe of paſſions, too ſpecious to fear much reſiſtance. Love of virtue will animate panegyrick, and hatred of wickedneſs imbitter cenſure. The zeal of gratitude, the ardour of patriotiſm, fondneſs for an opinion, or fidelity to a party, may eaſily overpower the vigilance of a mind habitually well diſpoſed, and prevail over unaſſiſted and unfriended veracity.

But he that ſpeaks of himſelf has no motive to falſhood or partiality except ſelf-love, by which all have ſo often been betrayed, that all are on the watch againſt its artifices. He that writes an apology for a ſingle action, to confute an accuſation, to recommend himſelf to favour, is indeed always to be ſuſpected of favouring his own cauſe; but he that ſits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of poſterity, or to amuſe himſelf, and leaves this account unpubliſhed, may be commonly preſumed to tell truth, ſince falſhood cannot appeaſe his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.

Idler, No. 84.

CHAP. VI.

BLOCKHEADS.

Fond of each other.

WHEN I came hither this evening, the man of the houſe delivered me a book very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whiſper another, and ſay, "It was a fine thing to be a great ſcholar! What a pretty book that is!" It has indeed a very gay outſide, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it (for the work is in Latin) is, *Epiſtolarum Obſcurorum Virorum, ad Dominum M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina* II. *&c.* "The epiſtles of the obſcure writers to Ortuinus, &c." The purpoſe of the work is ſignified in the dedication, in very elegant language and fine raillery. It ſeems this is a collection of letters which ſome profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's abſurdities. They are moſtly of the German nation, whence from time to time inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world than the Goths and Vandals to the politick. It is, methinks, wonderful that fellows could be awake, and utter ſuch incoherent conceptions, and converſe with great gravity like learned men, without the leaſt taſte of knowledge or good ſenſe. It would be an endleſs labour to have taken any other method of expoſing ſuch impertinencies, than by an edition

of

of their own works, where you ſee their follies, according to the ambition of ſuch virtuoſi, in a moſt correct edition.

Looking over theſe accompliſhed labours, I could not but reflect upon the immenſe load of writings the commonalty of ſcholars have puſhed into the world, and the abſurdity of parents, who educate crowds to ſpend their time in purſuit of ſuch cold and ſprightleſs endeavours to appear in publick. It ſeems, therefore, a fruitleſs labour to attempt the correction of the taſte of our cotemporaries, except it was in our power to burn all the ſenſeleſs labours of our anceſtors. There is a ſecret propenſity in nature, from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age to admire thoſe of another; and men of the ſame imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as thoſe of the ſame abilities.

This great miſchief of voluminous follies, proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren genius, but fertile imaginations, are bred ſcholars. This may at firſt appear a paradox; but when we conſider the talking creatures we meet in publick places, it will no longer be ſuch. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow that has not by nature any the leaſt propenſity to ſtrike into what has not been obſerved and ſaid every day of his life by others; but with that inability of ſpeaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readineſs of what he can ſpeak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the ſubject he treats of in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a diſputant upon

all topicks that ever were conſidered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teazed by an empty town fellow, but I bleſs my ſtars that he was not bred a ſcholar. This addition, we muſt conſider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies; his being in the wrong would have been protected by ſuitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and falſe appearances, you muſt have owned yourſelf convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the ſhame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a ſort of littleneſs in the minds of men of wrong ſenſe, which makes them much more inſufferable than mere fools, and has the farther inconvenience of being attended by an endleſs loquacity; for which reaſon it would be a very proper work, if ſome well-wiſher to human ſociety would conſider the terms upon which people meet in publick places, in order to prevent the unſeaſonable declamations which we meet with there. *Tatler*, No. 197.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

BOXING.

A Britiſh exerciſe.

THE dexterous uſe of the fiſt is a truly Britiſh exerciſe, and the ſturdy Engliſh have been as much renowned for their boxing, as their beef, both which are by no means ſuited to the watery ſtomachs and weak ſinews of their enemies the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long eſtabliſhed maxim, That one Engliſhman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman who piddles on a fricaſſee of frogs, can no more encounter with an Engliſhman, who feeds upon beef, than the frog in the fable could ſwell her little body to the ſize of an ox; and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philoſophy, that the elaſtic ſpring, which darts from the knuckles of an Engliſhman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correſpondents has already remonſtrated againſt the degeneracy of the preſent times, in our ſhameful neglect of that ſupport of our national ſtrength, old Engliſh roaſt beef. Indeed we can never hope, that any of our modern heroes would attempt to *fix a blow under the ribs*, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a ſurloin; and I will venture to propheſy, that when the time comes that ſurloins are no more brought upon the table, we ſhall not be able to produce one Engliſhman who can knock down an ox.

Our preſent race of ſpindle-ſhanked beaux had

rather cloſe with an orange wench at the play-houſe, than engage at a bye battle in Tottenham Court. It is therefore no wonder that they ſhould object to this manly practice, for which they are ſo ill fitted. How can we imagine that they can ſtand againſt the buffets of a bruiſer, when they might almoſt be patted down by the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring this ſtudy into vogue, by eſtabliſhing a ſchool for boxing, in which he was himſelf to be lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of ſpirit, to engage under his directions; and promiſed to arm their feeble wriſts with mufflers, ſo that nothing might be apprehended by the ſofteſt head, or tendereſt ſkin. A few indeed were hardy enough to try a fall with him; but moſt of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for ſcented gloves; and loathing the mutton fiſts of vulgar carmen or porters, they rather choſe to hang their arms in a ſling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret that this deſign was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have aboliſhed almoſt the only uſe that is at preſent made of the ſword.

Connoiſſeur, N°. 30.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

BURIAL.

The ſervice thereof affecting.

AS for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpſe of a friend to his interment, and have ſeen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and aſſumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, "I am the reſurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me, ſhall never die:" I ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion, the retroſpect upon paſt actions, between the deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little circumſtances that ſtrike upon the ſoul, and alternately give grief and conſolation, have vaniſhed like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the ſolemnity has proceeded, and after a long pauſe I again heard the ſervant of God utter, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon earth; and though worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another." How have I been raiſed above this world, and all its regards; and how well prepared to receive the next ſentence, which the holy man has ſpoken: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing

nothing out: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord!"

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read theſe expreſſions of ſcripture with as much indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe papers; however, I will not deſpair to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of ſacred writings; and as old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the day when it ſhall be as much in faſhion among men of politeneſs to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expreſſion in Virgil or Horace; and to ſee a well dreſſed young man produce an evangeliſt out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a claſſick printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of diſtinguiſhed faculties, to praiſe and adore the Author of their being with a ſpirit ſuitable to thoſe faculties, and rouſe ſlower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their tranſports and thankſgivings. *Guardian*, N°. 21.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

BURYING-GROUND.

New plan for one.

VIRTUE then is not to be conſidered in the light of mere innocence, or abſtaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day ſlip, undiſtinguiſhed by ſome act of virtue, cried out, "I have loſt a day!" If we regard our time in this light, how many days ſhall we look back upon as irretrievably loſt? And to how narrow a compaſs would ſuch a method of calculation frequently reduce the longeſt life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occaſion ſtrange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men; we ſhould ſee ſome few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with ſeveral young fellows of fourſcore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with an epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his exiſtence from the time of his reformation from evil courſes. The inſcriptions on moſt tomb-ſtones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the perſons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have thoſe people, whoſe lives have been uſeleſs, rendered of ſome ſervice after their deaths, by affording leſſons of inſtruction and morality to thoſe they leave behind

hind them. Wherefore I could wiſh, that, in every pariſh, ſeveral acres were marked out for a new and ſpacious burying-ground, in which every perſon, whoſe remains are there depoſited, ſhould have a ſmall ſtone laid over them, reckoning their age according to the manner in which they have improved or abuſed the time allotted them in their lives. In ſuch circumſtances, the plate on the coffin might be the higheſt panegyric which the deceaſed could receive; and a little ſquare ſtone inſcribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat.* 80. would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of ſurvivors, which would certainly point out the moſt brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps ſee ſome inſcriptions not much unlike the following:

Here lie the remains of a celebrated beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the ſmall-pox in her twenty-third.

Here reſts, in eternal ſleep, the mortal part of L. B. a Freethinker, aged 88. an infant. He came into the world by chance in the year ——, and was annihilated in the firſt year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted Buck, an embryo, which never ſhewed any ſigns of life; but after twenty-three years was ſo totally putrified, that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the ſwoln carcaſe of a Boon Companion, who was born in a dropſy, in his 40th year.

year. He lingered in this condition till he was obliged to be tapped, when he relapſed into his former condition, and died in the ſecond year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies Iſaac Da Coſta, a convert from Judaiſm, aged 64. He was born and chriſtened in his ſixty-firſt year, and died in the true faith in the third year of his age.

Here rots A. B. ſtill-born, who died of a fright on the 20th of May, 1756.

Here reſts from his labours the brave General B. who died in the 100th year of his age, older than Methuſelah. *Connoiſſeur*, No. 131.

CHAP. X.

BUMPER.

His character.

IT is one of the greateſt advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous ſpirit, and cultivates a liberal diſpoſition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been ſent to ſchool, and whoſe faculties have been ſuffered to ruſt at the hall-houſe, ſhould form too cloſe an intimacy with his beſt friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to ſee a boy, well educated, cheriſh this ill placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A perſon of this humble ambition will be

be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the title of the gentleman, while he is unwilling to aſſociate with men of faſhion, leſt they ſhould be his ſuperiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, leſt they ſhould excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a perſon of genius and learning will ſtoop to receive the incenſe of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-houſe and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verſes to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are ſome few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a deſire of ſeeing the droller ſcenes of life, have deſcended to aſſociate with the meaneſt of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and allies. The moſt ſtriking inſtance I know of this low paſſion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himſelf; and is now become almoſt as low a character, as any of thoſe whom he has choſen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, ſmoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black puddings at Bartholomew fair, for the humour of the thing. He has alſo ſtudied, and practiſes, all the plebeian arts and exerciſes, under the beſt maſters; and has diſgraced himſelf with every unpolite accompliſhment. He has had many a ſet-to with Buckhorſe; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great

Broughton

Broughton himſelf. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of priſon bars, he is a match even for the natives of Eſſex and Cheſhire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at crickets; and is himſelf eſteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amuſements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceaſed friend ſo far, as to get himſelf knocked down in endeavouring to reſcue the body from the ſurgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his converſation with their emphatic oaths and expreſſive dialect, which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of ſound ſenſe and ſatisfaction*. He is alſo particularly famous for ſinging thoſe cant ſongs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of ſharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by ſcrewing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. Theſe and other like accompliſhments frequently promote him to the chair in theſe facetious ſocieties.

Toby has indulged the ſame notions of humour even in his amours; and is well known to every ſtreet-walker from Cheapſide to Charing-croſs. This has given ſeveral ſhocks to his conſtitution, and often involved him in unlucky ſcrapes.

ſcrapes. He has been frequently bruiſed, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once ſoundly drubbed by a ſoldier, for engaging with his trull. The laſt time I ſaw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate which he got in a midnight ſkirmiſh, about a miſtreſs, in a night-cellar. *Connoiſſeur*, No. 132.

CHAP. XI.

BURLESQUE.

The excellence thereof.

CICERO hath obſerved, that a jeſt is never uttered with a better grace, than when it is accompanied with a ſerious countenance. When a pleaſant thought plays in the features, before it diſcovers itſelf in words, it raiſes too great an expectation, and loſes the advantage of giving ſurpriſe. Wit and humour are no leſs poorly recommended by a levity of phraſe, and that kind of language which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more ſtrong, than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and ariſes from the repreſentation of images in odd circumſtances, and uncommnon lights. A pleaſant thought ſtrikes us by the force of its natural

natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous phraſeology, which is ſo much in faſhion among the pretenders to humour and pleaſantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantaſtic habit.

Our little burleſque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in theſe pert phraſes, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately ſaw an inſtance of this kind of writing, which gave me ſo lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who ſhew'd it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occaſion of the rejoicings on the day of the King's coronation.

Paſt two o'clock and a froſty morning.

Dear Jack,

I Have juſt left the right worſhipful and his myrmidons about a ſneaker of five gallons. The whole magiſtracy was pretty well diſguiſed before I gave 'em the ſlip. Our friend the alderman was half ſeas over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays leaſt in ſight.

At nine o'clock in the evening we ſet fire to the whore of Babylon.—The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipp'd the young dog with a teſter a-piece. Honeſt old Brown of England was very drunk, and ſhowed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the King's health on their

their marrowbones, in mother Day's double. They whipped us half a dozen hogſheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demoliſhed with the end of a ſky-rocket, that fell upon the bridge of his noſe as he was drinking the king's health, and ſpoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal 'till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the juſtice; but his clerk came in to his aſſiſtance, and took them all down in black and white.

When I had been huzza'd out of my ſeven ſenſes, I made a viſit to the women, who were guzzled very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoreſs clipped the king's Engliſh. Clack was the word.

I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the poſſe had his hat cocked with a diſtich: The ſenators ſent us down a cargo of ribbon and metre for the occaſion.

Sir Richard, to ſhew his zeal for the proteſtant religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the Knight's great hall, and ſaw a very pretty bevy of ſpinſters. My dear relict was amongſt them, and ambled in a country-dance as notably as the beſt of 'em.

May all his majeſty's liege ſubjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu. *Spectator*, N°. 616.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

CARDS.

Remarks on the prevailing paſſion for them.

THE paſſion for cards is now become ſo ſtrangely predominant, as to take the lead of every thing elſe in almoſt every company of every rank. With many indeed it ſeems to be a calling, and, as a witty author has obſerved, "a laborious one too, ſuch as they toil night and day at, nay do not allow themſelves that remiſſion which the laws both of God and man have provided for the meaneſt mechanic. The ſabbath is to them no day of reſt; but this trade goes on when all ſhops are ſhut. I know not," continues he, how they ſatisfy themſelves in ſuch an habitual waſte of their time; but I much doubt that plea, whatſoever it is, which paſſeth with them, will ſcarce hold weight at his tribunal who hath commanded us to redeem, not fling away our time."

To the ſame occupation what numbers ſacrifice their health and ſpirits, with every natural pleaſure that depends on theſe, not excepting even the comforts of freſh air; purſuing it in the country with the ſame unabating ardour as in town, and to all the beauty and ſweetneſs

ſweetneſs of rural ſcenes, in the fineſt ſeaſon, preferring the ſuffocating atmoſphere of perhaps a ſmall apartment, where they regularly, every day if poſſible, crowd round the card-table for hours together! What neglect of buſineſs and ſtudy, what ruin of credit, of fortune, of families, of connections, of all that is valuable in this world, often follows the frenzy I ſpeak of, who can expreſs?

I will ſuppoſe, my fair hearers, nay I do hope, that the demon of avarice has not yet taken poſſeſſion of your hearts. But do ye know any thing ſo likely to introduce him, as the ſpirit of gaming? Is not this laſt a kindred fiend; and does not he, like moſt other tempters, advance by ſlow ſteps, and with a ſmiling aſpect? Tell me in ſober ſadneſs, what ſecurity can you have that the love of play will not lead you to the love of gaming?

Between theſe I know there is a diſtinction. But is it not a diſtinction, at beſt, reſembling that between twilight and darkneſs; and does not one ſucceed the other almoſt as naturally? The former at firſt is chearful and ſerene, retaining ſome rays of pleaſantry and good humour; but by little and little theſe diſappear. A deepening ſhade takes place; till at laſt, every emanation of mirth and good-nature dying away, all is involved in the gloom of anxiety, ſuſpicion, envy, diſguſt, and every dreadful paſſion that lours in the train of covetouſneſs. I ſay not, that this always happens; but I aſk again, what ſecurity is there that it will not happen to you? Did not every gameſter in the world, whether male or female, begin juſt where you do? And is it not probable, that

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many of that infamous tribe had once as little apprehenſion as you can have, of proceeding thoſe lengths to which they have ſince run, through the natural progreſs of vice, no where more infatuating or more rapid than in this execrable one?

But let us ſuppoſe the deſire of winning ſhould in you never riſe to that rage, which agitates the breaſt of many a fine lady, diſcompoſes thoſe features, and inflames thoſe eyes, where nothing ſhould be ſeen but ſoft illumination. Are there not lower degrees in the thirſt of gain, which a liberal mind would ever carefully avoid? And pray conſider; when either by ſuperior ſkill, or what is called better luck, you happen to ſtrip of her money, of that money which it is very poſſible ſhe can ill ſpare, an acquaintance, a companion, a friend, one whom you profeſs at leaſt to love and honour, perhaps at the very moment to entertain with all the ſacred rites of hoſpitality—is there nothing unkind, nothing ſordid, in giving way to that which draws after it ſuch conſequences? Is this the ſpirit of friendſhip or humanity?—Bleſſed God! how does the paſſion I condemn deprave the worthieſt affections of nature; and how does that bewitching power, the faſhion of the times, pervert even the beſt underſtandings when reſigned to its impoſtures!

Nor is it the laws of humanity and friendſhip only, that are tranſgreſſed by the luſt of gaming. The ſweet emotions of love and tenderneſs between the ſexes are often ſwallowed up by this all-devouring appetite; an appetite, which perhaps beyond any thing elſe tends

to harden and contract the heart, at the ſame time that the immoderate indulgence of it excludes a thouſand little reciprocations of ſentiment and joy, which would ſerve to kindle and feed the flame of virtuous affection.——— How much converſation ſuffers from it, who does not perceive?

Here indeed you will tell me with an air of triumph, that it prevents a great deal of ſcandal. What, then, are your minds ſo unfurniſhed, ſo vacant, that without cards you muſt neceſſarily fly to that wretched reſource? Creation, providence, religion, books, obſervation, fancy; do theſe preſent ſo narrow a field of entertainment, as to force you on the alternative of preying either on the reputation or on the property of others?——But now I recollect, while you poſſeſs an art of ſuch utility as this laſt, for filling up the blanks of diſcourſe, as well as for repairing the waſtes of extravagance, why ſhould you give yourſelves any trouble to read or think, to enlarge your ideas or improve your faculties, beyond the uſual ſtandard? Surely the knowledge of the moſt faſhionable games, of the moſt remarkable characters, of the reigning modes and amuſements of the ſeaſon, with a few common-place compliments, remarks, and matters of fact, but eſpecially ſome paſſages of private hiſtory, told by way of ſecret to all the world, is quite ſufficient, by the help of a little vivacity which nature will ſupply, to accompliſh you for every purpoſe of modern ſociety.—Alas, how poor is all this! How unworthy the principal attention of beings made "but a little lower than the angels," and profeſſing to believe in the communion of ſaints! *Fordyce's Serm. to Young Wom.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

CHARITY.

SECT. I.

The practice of it enforced by the divine word.

NOTHING is more agreeable to the nature of God, and renders us more conformable to the excellencies of that moſt perfect pattern, than the exerciſe of beneficence and goodneſs. The divine nature is goodneſs itſelf; and his bountiful kindneſs extends itſelf perpetually over all his works. This is the attribute which he principally delights to exerciſe; and in which, of all others, he moſt expects and requires we ſhould imitate him. Our Saviour is the text, and in all his diſcourſes propoſes this example to us to follow, and frequently repeats, that hereby only we can truly become the children of our Father which is in heaven. This imitation of God is the foundation of all religion, and the true ſpring, the inward and natural principle and ground of happineſs: wherefore we are equally obliged both in duty and intereſt, as we hope to be made partakers of that happineſs which is the perfection of our nature, and for which God ultimately deſigned us, to prepare and fit ourſelves for it, by acquiring that divine frame and temper of mind, that beneficial and good diſpoſition, which alone can qualify us and make us capable to enjoy it. This argument would be equally ſtrong, even though

we had an abſolute and ſupreme right to the things we poſſeſs, as God has over the whole creation. But we are further to conſider, that this is not our caſe. We are not abſolute lords of the things we poſſeſs, but enjoy them merely by the divine permiſſion and good pleaſure. We are ſtewards, entruſted with our portion of good things, under the ſupreme Houſholder, the Governor of the univerſe; and we are to give a ſtrict account in what manner we diſpoſe of them. We may employ them to all the neceſſary uſes, and all the reaſonable conveniencies, nay and even to the innocent diverſions alſo of life; but we muſt not "conſume them upon luſts and follies, and withold good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of our hand to do it:" Prov. iii. 27. Some portions at leaſt of what we enjoy, are due to God, as an acknowledgment of our dependence upon him for the whole. And inſtead of coſtly ſacrifices and burnt-offerings to himſelf, he requires only that we be willing to relieve the neceſſities of men, like ourſelves; and he ſeems, in the wiſdom of his providence, to have made a very unequal diſtribution of the bleſſings of this life, on purpoſe that we might have continual opportunities of paying this reaſonable homage to him, according to our reſpective abilities. Thus much were evidently due to him, even though we had been innocent and ſinleſs creatures; but now how greatly is this motive enforced, when we reflect how all the bleſſings with which he daily crowns us, were not originally undeſerved, but in their continuance are perpetual inſtances of mercy and compaſſion towards us. When by ſin we had forfeited all title to his love and favour, yet ſtill

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he cauſes his ſun to riſe on the evil and on the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt and on the unjuſt; and not only continues to us theſe temporal bleſſings, but moreover, when by ſin we had ruined ourſelves, and muſt have been miſerable for ever, ſent his Son into the world, to reſtore us to a capacity of recovering that happineſs which is eternal. And now what ſhall we render unto the Lord for all theſe inſtances of his mercy towards us? Can our goodneſs extend to him? Or can a man be profitable to his Maker? No: the only way we have of expreſſing our gratitude towards him, is by exerciſing ſome little ſimilitude of that mercy and compaſſion towards our brethren, in relieving their temporal wants, which he has extended to us in an infinitely greater degree, our neceſſities both temporal and eternal.

Tillotſon's Sermons.

SECT. II.

Compariſon between the antient and modern ideas of it.

CHARITY, or tenderneſs for the poor, which is now juſtly conſidered, by a great part of mankind, as inſeparable from piety, and in which almoſt all the goodneſs of the preſent age conſiſts, is, I think, known only to thoſe who enjoy, either immediately or by tranſmiſſion, the light of Revelation.

Thoſe antient nations who have given us the wiſeſt models of government, and the brighteſt examples of patriotiſm, whoſe inſtitutionshave

been tranſcribed by all ſucceeding Legiſlators, and whoſe hiſtory is ſtudied by every candidate for political or military reputation, have yet left behind them no mention of alms-houſes or hoſpitals, of places where age might repoſe, or ſickneſs be relieved.

The Roman Emperors, indeed, gave large donatives to the citizens and ſoldiers, but theſe diſtributions were always reckoned rather popular than virtuous: nothing more was intended than an oſtentation of liberality, nor was any recompence expected, but ſuffrages and acclamations.

Their beneficence was merely occaſional; he that ceaſed to need the favour of the people, ceaſed likewiſe to court it; and therefore, no man thought it either neceſſary or wiſe to make any ſtanding proviſion for the needy, to look forwards to the wants of poſterity, or to ſecure ſucceſſions of charity, for ſucceſſions of diſtreſs.

Compaſſion is by ſome reaſoners, on whom the name of Philoſophers has been too eaſily conferred, reſolved into an affection merely ſelfiſh, an involuntary perception of pain at the involuntary ſight of a being like ourſelves languiſhing in miſery. But this ſenſation, if ever it be felt at all from the brute inſtinct of uninſtructed nature, will only produce effects deſultory and tranſient; it will never ſettle into a principle of action, or extend relief to calamities unſeen, in generations not yet in being.

The devotion of life or fortune to the ſuccour of the poor, is a height of virtue, to which humanity has never riſen by its own power. The charity of the Mahometans is a precept which

which their teacher evidently tranſplanted from the doctrines of chriſtianity; and the care with which ſome of the Oriental ſects attend, as is ſaid, to the neceſſities of the diſeaſed and indigent, may be added to the other arguments, which prove Zoroaſter to have borrowed his inſtitution from the law of Moſes.

The preſent age, though not likely to ſhine hereafter, among the moſt ſplendid periods of hiſtory, has yet given examples of charity, which may be very properly recommended to imitation. The equal diſtribution of wealth, which long commerce has produced, does not enable any ſingle hand to raiſe edifices of piety like fortified cities, to appropriate manors to religious uſes, or deal out ſuch large and laſting beneficence as was ſcattered over the land in antient times, by thoſe who poſſeſſed counties or provinces. But no ſooner is a new ſpecies of miſery brought to view, and a deſign of relieving it profeſſed, than every hand is open to contribute ſomething, every tongue is buſied in ſollicitation, and every art of pleaſure is employed for a time in the intereſt of virtue.

The moſt apparent and preſſing miſeries incident to man, have now their peculiar houſes of reception and relief, and there are few among us raiſed however little above the danger of poverty, who may not juſtly claim, what is implored by the Mahometans in their moſt ardent benedictions, the prayers of the poor.

Idler, N°. 4.

CHAP. III.

CHARACTERS.

SECT. I.

Cauſes of national characters.

THE vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once eſtabliſhed it as a principle, that any people are knaviſh, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the ſame character. Men of ſenſe condemn theſe undiſtinguiſhing judgments; though at the ſame time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar ſet of manners, and that ſome particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have ſurely more probity than thoſe of the ſame rank in Ireland, and every prudent man will, from that circumſtance alone, make a difference in the truſt which he repoſes in each. We have reaſon to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Engliſhman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reaſons are aſſigned for theſe national characters, while ſome account for them from moral, and others from phyſical cauſes. By moral cauſes I mean all circumſtances which

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are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reaſons, and which render a peculiar ſet of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the ſituation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and ſuch like circumſtances. By phyſical cauſes, I mean thoſe qualities of the air and climate, which are ſuppoſed to work inſenſibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which though reflection and reaſon may ſometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral cauſes, muſt be evident to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; ſince a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by theſe cauſes. As poverty and hard labour debaſe the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any ſcience and ingenious profeſſion, ſo where any government becomes very oppreſſive to all its ſubjects, it muſt have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and muſt baniſh all the liberal arts from amongſt them.

The ſame principle of moral cauſes fixes the characters of different profeſſions, and alters even the diſpoſition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A ſoldier and a prieſt are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on cir-

cumſtances, whoſe operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes ſoldiers laviſh and generous, as well as brave; their idleneſs, as well as the large ſocieties which they form in camps or garriſons, inclines them to pleaſure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good-breeding and an openneſs of behaviour; being employed only againſt a publick and open enemy, they become candid, honeſt, and undeſigning: and as they uſe more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtleſs and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a falſe maxim, that prieſts of all religions are the ſame; and tho' the character of the profeſſion will not in every inſtance prevail over the perſonal character, yet is it ſure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chymiſts obſerve, that ſpirits when raiſed to a certain height are all the ſame, from whatever materials they be extracted; ſo theſe men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally ſpeaking, not the moſt amiable that is to be met with in human ſociety: it is in moſt points oppoſite to that of a ſoldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Eſſays.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Owing partly to climate, partly to civil government.

WE may often remark a wonderful mixture of manners and character in the ſame nation, ſpeaking the ſame language, and ſubject to the ſame government; and in this particular, the Engliſh are the moſt remarkable of any people that ever were in the world: nor is this to be aſcribed to the mutability and uncertainty of their climate, or to any other phyſical cauſes; ſince all theſe cauſes take place in their neighbouring kingdom of Scotland, without having the ſame effect. Where the government of a nation is altogether republican, it is apt to beget a particular ſet of manners. Where it is altogether monarchical, it is more apt to have the ſame effect; the imitation of ſuperiors ſpreading the national manners faſter among the people. If a ſtate conſiſts altogether of merchants, ſuch as Holland, their uniform way of life will fix their character. If it conſiſts chiefly of nobles and landed gentry, like Germany, France, and Spain, the ſame effect follows. The genius of a particular ſect or religion is alſo apt to mould the manners of a people: but the Engliſh government is a mixture of monarchy, ariſtocracy, and democracy. The people are compoſed of gentry and merchants. All ſects of religion are to be found amongſt them; and the great liberty and independency which they enjoy, allows every one to diſplay the manners which are peculiar to him. Hence the Engliſh, of any people in

the univerſe, have the leaſt of a national character; unleſs this very ſingularity may ſtand for ſuch. *Hume's Eſſays.*

SECT. III.

Depends greatly on conſtitution.

AS every man's conſtitution leads him, ſo he adopts this or that ſect of philoſophy, and reaſons concerning fitneſs, decency, and good. Read the characters of Cato and Cæſar, and you will clearly diſcover the true foundation on which the one became a rigid Stoic, the other, a groſs Epicurean. The firſt, yet a boy, diſcovered ſuch an inflexible adherence to the privileges of his country, that he refuſed his aſſent to what he thought a violation of them, though threatened with immediate death. The latter, yet unpractiſed in the ſubtilties of philoſophy, and under the ſole dominion of natural temper, diſcovered, at his firſt appearance in the world, ſuch traits of art, ſpirit, and ambition, that Sylla declared he ſaw ſomething more formidable than Marius riſing in him. To bring down the obſervation to modern times; 'tis evident, that the patronizers of theſe two ſyſtems inliſt themſelves according to the ſecret ſuggeſtions of their ſeveral paſſions. 'Tis well known that the writer of the fable of the Bees was neither a ſaint in his life, nor a hermit in his diet. He ſeems to have been maſter of a very conſiderable ſagacity, much knowledge of the world, as it appears in populous cities, extremely ſenſible to all the groſſer bodily enjoyments; but for delicacy of ſentiment, imagination, or paſſion, for an

an exquiſite taſte either in art or morals, he appears to be incapable of it. The noble writer is known to have been of a frame the very reverſe of this. His conſtitution was neither more nor leſs oppoſite to Dr. Mandeville's, than his philoſophy; his ſenſual appetites were weak; his imagination, all alive, noble and capacious; his paſſions were accordingly refined, predominant. To theſe inſtances, a moderate ſhare of ſagacity and knowledge of the world may add others innumerable, in obſerving the temper and conduct of the followers of theſe two ſyſtems, who always take party according to the biaſs of their conſtitution. Among the Epicureans we ever find men of high health, florid complexions, firm nerves, and a capacity for pleaſure: of the Stoic party, are the delicate or ſickly frames, men incapable of the groſſer ſenſual enjoyments, and who either are, or think themſelves virtuous.

Brown's Eſſays.

CHAP. IV.

CHASTITY.

SECT. I.

An additional ornament to beauty.

THERE is no charm in the female ſex, that can ſupply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality

quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved, that all the Virtues are repreſented by both painters and ſtatuaries under female ſhapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is Modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by inſtinct.

Spectator, No. 395.

SECT. II.

A valuable virtue in a man.

BUT as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreaſonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this caſe, the very attempt is become very ridiculous: but in ſpight of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould, upon this occaſion, bring examples of heroick chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable, than praiſe-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea: and ended his

his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure, he would carry him to viſit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid, with a ſmile, "If I ſhould viſit her upon your introduction, now I have leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in holy writ. When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) "He knew not aught he had ſave the bread which he did eat," he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer? "Behold my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his wife." The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for commiting the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change

lightneſs

lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt publick meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan; "That may be," anſwered the bard with a very grave face, "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero." *Guardian*, No. 45.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

CHEARFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often rais'd into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, tho' it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks thro' a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind; and fills it with a ſteddy and perpetual ſerenity.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his

his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: It is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs; in

in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which

we

we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us; to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe. *Spectator*, No. 381.

CHAP. VI.

CLEANLINESS.

THAT cleanlineſs is a mark of politeneſs, It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorn'd with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an Engliſh beauty, to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, Cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of Love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs,

neſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty flattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is canker'd with ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflexions I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewiſh law (and the Mahometan, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites

rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanneſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the Deſart, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtitions.

A derviſe of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it to pieces. His ſon coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The derviſe approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands. *Spectator*, No. 631.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

WHEN a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, firſt undertook that character, he made daily viſits to the center of buſineſs, the 'Change, and the adjacent coffee-houſes, that by a frequent intercourſe and converſation with the "unforeſkinned race," he might habituate himſelf to their air and deportment. A like deſire of penetrating into the moſt ſecret ſprings of action in theſe people has often led me there; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various paſſions excited by a love of gain, ſtrongly pictured in the faces of thoſe who came to buy; but I remarked, with no leſs delight, the many little artifices made uſe of to allure adventurers, as well as the viſible alterations in the looks of the ſellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occaſion to raiſe or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of theſe bubble-brokers impreſſed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds ſeemed ſo dead to all other ſenſations, that one might almoſt doubt, where money is out of the caſe, whether a Jew "has eyes, hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions."

From Garraway's it is but a ſhort ſtep to a gloomy claſs of mortals, not leſs intent on gain than the ſtock-jobber: I mean the diſpenſers of life

life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey watching for carcaſes, at Batſon's. I never enter this place, but it ſerves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal aſſemblage of ſable ſuits, and tremendous perukes! I have often met here a moſt intimate acquaintance, whom I have ſcarce known again; a ſprightly young fellow, with whom I have ſpent many a jolly hour; but being juſt dubbed a graduate in phyſic, he has gained ſuch an entire conqueſt over the riſible muſcles, that he hardly vouchſafes at any time to ſmile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the poſſibility of Canning's ſubſiſting for a whole month on a few bits of bread; and he is now preparing a treatiſe, in which will be ſet forth a new and infallible method to prevent the ſpreading of the plague from France into England. Batſon's has been reckoned the ſeat of ſolemn ſtupidity: yet is it not totally devoid of taſte and common ſenſe. They have among them phyſicians, who can cope with the moſt eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can reliſh the *ſal volatile* of a witty compoſition, or determine how much *fire* is requiſite to *ſublimate* a tragedy *ſecundùm artem*.

Emerging from theſe diſmal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's coffee-houſe: where (as I profeſs the higheſt veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of thoſe "tatter'd crapes," who are ſaid to ply here for an occaſional burial or ſermon, with the ſame regularity as the happier drudges, who ſalute us with the cry of "coach, ſir," or "chair, your honour."

And

And here my publiſher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter coffee-houſe, which is frequented by thoſe encouragers of literature, and (as they are ſtiled by an eminent critic) "not the worſt judges of merit," the bookſellers. The converſation here naturally turns upon the neweſt publications; but their criticiſms are ſomewhat ſingular. When they ſay a *good* book, they do not mean to praiſe the ſtile or ſentiment, but the quick and extenſive ſale of it. That book in the phraſe of the CONGER is beſt, which ſells moſt: and if the demand for Quarles ſhould be greater than for Pope, he would have the higheſt place on the rubric-poſt. There are alſo many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of leſs accurate obſervers. A few nights ago I ſaw one of theſe gentlemen take up a ſermon, and after ſeeming to peruſe it for ſome time with great attention, he declared, "it was very good Engliſh." The reader will judge whether I was moſt ſurpriſed or diverted, when I diſcovered, that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type; which, it ſeems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We muſt not, however, think the members of the CONGER ſtrangers to the deeper parts of literature; for as carpenters, ſmiths, maſons, and all mechanics ſmell of the trade they labour at, bookſellers take a peculiar turn from their connexions with books and authors. The character of the bookſeller is commonly formed on the writers in his ſervice. Thus one is a politician or a deiſt; another

affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and ſententious.

The Temple is the barrier, that divides the city and ſuburbs; and the gentlemen, who reſide there, ſeem influenced by the ſituation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room; but the holiday ſmartneſs of a prentice, heightened with ſome additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itſelf in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is ſtocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world: And it is a thouſand pities, that ſo pretty a ſociety ſhould be diſgraced with a few dull fellows, who can ſubmit to puzzle themſelves with caſes and reports, and have not taſte enough to follow the genteel method of ſtudying the law.

I ſhall now, like a true ſtudent of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent-Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticiſm; and hope to be excuſed for not ſtopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a great variety of nearly the ſame characters. This coffee-houſe is every night crouded with men of parts. Almoſt every one you meet is a polite ſcholar and a wit. Jokes and *bon mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the preſs, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This ſchool (to which I am myſelf indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived

at

at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and inſtruction of their readers. Button's, the grand arche-type of the Bedford, was frequented by Addiſon, Steele, Pope, and the reſt of that celebrated ſet, who flouriſhed at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with juſt deference on account of the real geniuſſes, who frequented it. But we can now boaſt men of ſuperior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of an happy aſſurance, can exact the ſame tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illuſtrious characters, the ſcribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make ſo large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I ſhall now take leave of Covent-Garden, and deſire the reader's company to White's. Here (as Vanbrugh ſays of Locket's) "he may have a diſh no bigger than a ſaucer, that ſhall coſt him fifty ſhillings." The great people, who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amuſements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with buſineſs, any farther than to go down to Weſtminſter one ſeſſions to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it; nor do they trouble themſelves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themſelves more faſhionably at whiſt for the trifle of a thouſand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lye of the day. *Connoiſſeur*, No. 1.

CHAP. VIII.

CONFIDENCE.

I Was the other night in the box of the gallery at Sir Courtly Nice, a comedy I never miſs for the ſake of the Knight himſelf, Hothead and Teſtimony, all parts in themſelves very diverting, and excellently performed by the actors. Sir Courtly's character expoſes to an extravagance thoſe ſhallow creatures, whoſe imaginations are wholly taken up with form and outſide, and labour only at an excellence in indifferent things. To utter the words "Your humble ſervant," and bow with a different air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole part in as pleaſant a ſcene as any of the comedy. This puts me a muſing upon the force of being able to act faſhionably in ordinary occaſions, and filling up their part of the room with a tolerable good air, while there is nothing paſſing which engages the attention of the aſſembly or company to any other point. It is monſtrous to obſerve how few amongſt us are able to do it, till half their life is paſſed away, and then at laſt they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themſelves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where ſo conſpicuous as in an aſſembly of men of parts, when they are got together upon any great point, as at the College of Phyſicians, the Royal Society, or any other place where you have had an opportunity of ſeeing a good many Engliſh gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loſs whether this proceeds from a

too

too great reſpect of themſelves, or too great deference to others; but it ſeems to be partly one and partly t'other. Whatever the cauſe is, I have often ſeen the effect to a very great degree of pleaſantry. You ſhall, in the inſtant a man is going to ſpeak, ſee him ſtunt himſelf, and not riſe within three inches of his natural height, but lean on one ſide, as if taken with a ſudden ſciatica; and 'tis ten to one whether he ever recovers, without danger of falling quite down with ſhifting legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious gentleman has tried both his legs, almoſt to tripping himſelf up, and then catched at himſelf with his arms in the air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his ſpeech ſtared out of his head by a ſet of ill-natured curs that rejoiced in his confuſion, ſat down in a ſilence not to be broken during his life. There is no man knows till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himſelf is. He cannot be let into this till he has attempted to ſpeak in publick. When he firſt does it, in an inſtant, from ſitting to ſtanding up, the air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the Alps. You ſee him gaſp, heave and ſtruggle like an animal in an air-pump, till he falls down into his ſeat, but enjoys his health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his tongue. If the intended Orator ſtand upon the floor, I have ſeen him miſcarry by taking only too large a ſtep forward, and then in the air of a beggar, who is recommending himſelf with a lame leg, ſpeak ſuch bold truths, as have had an effect juſt equal to the aſſurance with which they were uttered. A too great a regard for doing what you are about with a good grace, deſtroys your capacity of

doing it at all: but if men would place their ambition firſt upon the virtue of the action, and attempt things only becauſe it is their duty to attempt them, grace of action and becoming behaviour would naturally attend truth of heart and honeſty of deſign; but when their imaginations are bent only upon recommending themſelves, or impoſing upon others, there is no wonder that they are ſeized with ſuch aukward derelictions in the midſt of their vanity or falſhood. I remember when I was a young fellow, there was a young man of quality that became an accompliſhed Orator in one day. The circumſtance was this. A gentleman who had chaſtiſed a ruffian for an inſolence towards a kinſwoman of his, was attacked with outrageous language in that aſſembly: when his friend's name was ill-treated from man to man, this ingenuous youth diſcovered the utmoſt pain to thoſe that ſat near him, and having more than once ſaid, "I am ſure I could fight for him, why cannot I ſpeak for him?" at laſt ſtood up. The eyes of the company were upon him, and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he roſe up to ſpeak, yet the generous motive which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him ſuch an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expreſſed himſelf with a magnanimity and clearneſs, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adverſaries receive him as a man they wiſhed their friend. I mention this circumſtance to ſhew, that the beſt way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only becauſe you ought. This thing happened ſoon after the Reſtoration, and I remember a ſett of fellows they called

led the New Converts were the chief ſpeakers. It is true, they always ſpoke againſt their conſcience; but having been longer uſed to do ſo in publick (as all are gifted at their meetings) they excelled all other proſtitutes in firm countenances and ſtiff bodies: they were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their conſciences ſeared, while that of others lay bleeding. But I am got into chat upon circumſtances of a higher nature than thoſe of ordinary life, compliment and ceremony: I was ſpeaking of Sir Courtly's "Your humble ſervant, Madam."

As for my part, I always approve rather thoſe who make the moſt of a little underſtanding, and carry that as far as they can, than thoſe who will not condeſcend to be perfect, if I may ſo ſpeak, in the under part of their character. Mrs. Page ſaid very juſtly of me one day (for you muſt know I am as mute as a fiſh in her preſence) "If Mr. Myrtle cannot ſpeak for love, and his miſtreſs cannot ſpeak out of decency, their affair muſt end as it began, only in dumb ſhew." I have a couſin at the Univerſity who lately made me a viſit. I know him to want no learning, wit, or ſenſe, if he would pleaſe to diſpenſe it to us by retail. He can make an oration, or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in ſmall parcels. He is come indeed to bear our rallying upon it without being ſurly. I aſked him if he ſhould talk with a man, who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to underſtand him? Small matters it is abſolutely neceſſary to capacitate ourſelves for: great occaſions do not occur every moment. The

Jew ſaid very prettily in defence of his frequent ſuperſtitious waſhing, and the like outward ſervices: "I do theſe becauſe I have not always opportunities to manifeſt my devotion in acts of virtue." I had abundance to do to make my couſin open his mouth at all. He and I one evening had ſat together three hours without uttering a ſyllable. I was reſolved to ſay nothing till he began the diſcourſe; but finding the ſilence endleſs, I deſired him to go down with me from my lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza. We took two or three turns in the dark in utter ſilence; at laſt ſaid I to him, "Couſin Tom, this taciturnity of thine, conſidering the ſenſe I know you are maſter of, is a vexation I can no longer endure with patience; we are now in the dark, and I cannot ſee how you do it; but here give me your hand, let me, while I hold you here, entreat you to exerciſe the uſe of your lips and tongue, and oblige me ſo far as to utter the word Coach." My youth took my friendſhip as I intended it, and as well as he could, in a laughing voice, he cried C-o-a-c-h. "Very well couſin, ſaid I, try if you can ſay it at once; with which he began to cry Coach, Coach, pulling himſelf out of my hand." "No, ſays I, couſin, you ſhall not go till you are perfect." With that he called loudly and diſtinctly, inſomuch that we had in an inſtant all the coaches from Will's and Tom's about the Portico or little Piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themſelves abuſed, ſince no one came to take coach: upon which one cried out, "What raſcals are thoſe in the Piazza?" "You ſcoundrels, ſaid I, what are you good for but to keep your ſelves and horſes in exerciſe?

exerciſe? Would you ſtare and ſtand idle at coffee-houſes all night?" I went on with great fluency, in the language thoſe charioteers generally meet with; upon which they came down armed with whips; and my couſin complaining his ſword was borrowed of another college, and would not draw, wondered I would bring myſelf and him into ſuch a ſcrape. He had not done ſpeaking before a whip-laſh took him on the cheek; upon which my young gentleman ſnatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him as well as his tongue. I ſtood by him with all my might, and would fain have brought it to that; that my couſin might be carried before a juſtice, by way of exerciſe in different circumſtances, rather than go on the inſipid, dull, uſeleſs thing, which an unmanly baſhfulneſs had made him: but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly, and with as good an air as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I firſt betrayed him, by the ſilly adventure I have now related.

Lover, No. 18.

CHAP. IX.

CONTENT.

SIR,

I FIND you are an author who are more inclined to give your advice in caſes which raiſe mirth in your readers, than in thoſe which are of a more ſerious and melancholy nature; but you know very well that in virtuous love there are many unhappy accidents, which may lay a claim to your compaſſion, and conſequently to your aſſiſtance. I myſelf am one of thoſe diſtreſſed perſons, who may come in for my ſhare in your concern. About eight years ago, I married a young woman of great merit, who was every way qualified for a boſom-friend, that is, for advancing the innocent pleaſures of life, and alleviating its misfortunes: ſhe had all the good ſenſe I ever met with in any female acquaintance, with all the ſweetneſs of temper which is peculiar to the moſt engaging of her ſex. Life was too happy with ſuch a companion in it: for I muſt tell you with tears, that ſhe was ſnatched away from me by a fever about twelve months ſince. I was the more unable to bear this unſpeakable loſs, as having converſed with very few beſides herſelf during the whole time of our marriage. We were the whole world to one another, and whilſt we lived together, though ſcarce either of us were ever in company, we were never alone. Being thus cut off from the ſociety of others, and from the perſon

perſon who was moſt dear to me, I naturally betook myſelf to the reading of ſuch books, as might tend to my relief. Under this my great calamity, after many others which I have peruſed upon this occaſion, I lately had the good fortune to meet with a little volume of ſermons juſt publiſhed, entitled, "Of contentment, patience, and reſignation to the will of God; in ſeveral ſermons, by Iſaac Barrow, D. D."

The duty of contentment is ſo admirably explained, recommended and enforced by arguments drawn from reaſon and religion, that it is impoſſible to read what he has ſaid on this ſubject, without being the better for it. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe two or three paſſages which immediately affected me, as they came home to my own condition.

"The death of friends doth, it may be, oppreſs thee with ſorrow. But canſt thou loſe thy beſt friend? Canſt thou loſe the preſence, the converſation, the protection, the advice, the ſuccour of God? Is he not immortal, is he not immutable, is he not inſeparable from thee? Canſt thou be deſtitute of friends, whilſt he ſtands by thee? Is it not an affront, and heinous indignity to him to behave thyſelf as if thy happineſs, thy welfare, thy comfort, had dependance on any other but him? Is it not a great fault to be unwilling to part with any thing, when he calleth for it? Neither is it a loſs of thy friend, but a ſeparation for a ſmall time; he is only parted from thee, as taking a little journey; or going for a ſmall time to repoſe: within a while we ſhall be ſure to meet again, and joyfully to congratulate, if we are fit, in a better place, and more happy ſtate; *Præmiſimus non amiſi-*

mus; we have ſent him thither before, not quite loſt him from us.

"Thy friend, if he be a good man, and in ſuch friendſhips only we can have true ſatisfaction, is himſelf in no bad condition, and doth not want thee; thou canſt not therefore reaſonably grieve for him; and to grieve only for thyſelf, is perverſe ſelfiſhneſs and fondneſs."

What follows runs on in the ſame vein of good ſenſe, though it is a conſolation which I myſelf cannot make uſe of.

"But thou haſt loſt a great comfort of thy life, and advantage to thy affairs here? Is it truly ſo? Is it indeed an irreparable loſs, even ſecluding the conſideration of God, whoſe friendſhip repaireth all poſſible loſs? What is it, I pray, that was pleaſant, convenient, or uſeful to thee in thy friend, which may not in good meaſure be ſupplied here? Was it a ſenſe of hearty good will, was it a ſweet freedom of converſation, was it ſound advice or kind aſſiſtance in thy affairs? And mayſt thou not find thoſe which are alike able and willing to miniſter thoſe benefits? May not the ſame means which knit him to thee conciliate others alſo to be thy friends? He did not alone ſurely poſſeſs all the good-nature, all the fidelity, all the wiſdom in the world; nor hath carried them all away with him: other friends therefore thou mayſt find to ſupply his room. All good men will be ready, if thou art good, to be thy friends: they will heartily love thee; they will be ready to chear thee with their ſweet and wholſome ſociety; to yield thee their beſt counſel and help upon any occaſion. Is it not therefore a fond and unaccountable affection

to

to a kind of perſonality, rather than want of a real convenience, that diſturbeth thee?

In fine, the ſame reaſons which in any other loſs may comfort us, ſhould do it alſo in this; neither a friend, nor any other good thing we can enjoy under any ſecurity of not ſoon loſing it: our welfare is not annexed to one man, no more than to any other inferior thing. This is the condition of all good things here, to be tranſient and ſeparable from us, and accordingly we ſhould be affected towards them."

Lover, N°. 26.

CHAP. X.

CONTROVERSY.

Seldom decently conducted.

'TIS no uncommon circumſtance in controverſy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of diſputation, without preciſely inſtructing their readers, or truly knowing themſelves the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitleſs parade of argument, and thoſe oppoſite pretences to demonſtration, with which moſt debates, on every ſubject, have been infeſted. Would the contending Parties firſt be ſure of their own meaning (a ſpecies of ſelf-examination which I think the noble writer

ter hath not condeſcended to mention) and then communicate their ſenſe to others in plain terms and ſimplicity of heart, the face of controverſy would ſoon be changed, and real knowledge inſtead of imaginary conqueſt would be the noble reward of literary toil. *Browne's Eſſays.*

CHAP. XI.

CONVERSATION.

SECT. I.

How to pleaſe in it.

NONE of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blameable, than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwiſe than in an hermitage without hourly pleaſure or vexation from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from

from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inſpires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a diſtortion of face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon no ſtile of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to extemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, ſome deſire to advance or oppoſe a riſing name. Vanity often co-operates with curioſity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies

lifies himſelf to become a ſpeaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a ſeries of argument, or tranſport the volatile ſpirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himſelf able to treaſure up the various incidents of a ſtory, and pleaſes his hopes with the information which he ſhall give to ſome inferior ſociety.

Narratives are for the moſt part heard without envy, becauſe they are not ſuppoſed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance ſo very little difficulty, that every one concludes himſelf equal to the taſk. *Rambler*, N° 188.

SECT. II.

The various faults in converſation and behaviour pointed out.

I SHALL not attempt to lay down any particular rules for converſation, but rather point out ſuch faults in diſcourſe and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amuſing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for converſation, where we might expect to find it in the greateſt perfection, among perſons of faſhion: there it is almoſt annihilated by univerſal card-playing; inſomuch that I have heard it given as a reaſon, why it is impoſſible for our preſent writers to ſucceed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality ſcarce ever meet but to game. All their diſcourſe

courſe turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no leſs a maxim with the votaries of whiſt than with thoſe of Bacchus, that talking ſpoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himſelf as agreeable to ſociety as he can: but it often happens, that thoſe, who moſt aim at ſhining in converſation, over-ſhoot their mark. Though a man ſucceeds, he ſhould not (as is frequently the caſe) engroſs the whole talk to himſelf; for that deſtroys the very eſſence of converſation, which is talking together. We ſhould try to keep up converſation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than ſeize it all to ourſelves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We ſhould likewiſe be cautious to adapt the matter of our diſcourſe to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the laſt new furbelow to a meeting of country juſtices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole converſation, than certain peculiarities, eaſily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and diſcarded. In order to diſplay theſe abſurdities in a truer light, it is my preſent purpoſe to enumerate ſuch of them, as are moſt commonly to be met with; and firſt to take notice of thoſe buffoons in ſociety, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. Theſe accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or geſture: they aſſent with a ſhrug, and contradict with a twiſting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleaſed in a caper of a minuet ſtep. They may be conſidered as ſpeaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the poſture-maſter. Theſe ſhould be condemned to converſe

converſe only in dumb ſhew with their own perſons in the looking-glaſs; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who ſo prettily ſet off their faces, together with their words, by a *je ne-ſçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With theſe we may likewiſe rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are conſtantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or geſture of their acquaintance: though they are ſuch wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can diſcover any likeneſs.

Next to thoſe, whoſe elocution is abſorbed in action, and who converſe chiefly with their arms and legs, we may conſider the profeſſed Speakers. And firſt, the emphatical; who ſqueeze, and preſs, and ram down every ſyllable with exceſſive vehemence and energy. Theſe orators are remarkable for their diſtinct elocution and force of expreſſion: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the ſignificant conjunctive *and*; which they ſeem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no leſs pain, into the ears of their auditors. Theſe ſhould be ſuffered only to ſyringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I muſt confeſs, that I am equally offended with the Whiſperers or Low Speakers, who ſeem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up ſo cloſe to you, that they may be ſaid to meaſure noſes with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a ſtinking breath. I would have theſe oracular gentry obliged to talk at a diſtance through a ſpeaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whiſpering-gallery.

gallery. The Wits, who will not condeſcend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whiſtlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to theſe tinkling cymbals I would alſo add the ſounding braſs, the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whoſe pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "ſoft parts of converſation," and ſweetly "prattling out of faſhion," make very pretty muſic from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarſe features, mere nonſenſe is as harſh and diſſonant as a jig from an hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have ſpoken of in a former paper; but the Half-ſwearers, who ſplit, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fiſh*, and *demmee*, the Gothic Humbuggers, and thoſe who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fiſh, and an unaccountable *muſkin*, ſhould never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the peſts of converſation; nor dwell particularly on the Senſibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the moſt trivial points, and ſpeak in ſentences; the Wonderers, who are always *wondering* what o'clock it is, or *wondering* whether it will rain or no, or *wondering* when the moon changes; the Phraſeologiſts, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and, laſtly, the Silent Men, who ſeem afraid of opening their mouths, leſt they ſhould catch cold, and literally obſerve the precept of the

the goſpel, by letting their converſation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay*.

The rational intercourſe kept up by converſation, is one of our principal diſtinctions from brutes. We ſhould therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and conſider the organs of ſpeech as the inſtruments of underſtanding: we ſhould be very careful not to uſe them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmoſt to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to leſſen the value of ſuch an ineſtimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by ſome philoſophers, that even birds and beaſts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly underſtand one another by the ſounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themſelves, like different nations. Thus it may be ſuppoſed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Weſtphalia gruntle as expreſſively through the noſe, as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. Howeverthis may be, we may conſider thoſe, whoſe tongues hardly ſeem to be under the influence of reaſon, and do not keep up the proper converſation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for inſtance, the affinity between Chatterers and monkeys, and Praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be juſtly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually ſhew their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire

Spitfire Paſſionate are a ſort of wild cats, that will not bear ſtroaking, but will purr when they are pleaſed. Complainers are ſcreech-owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the ſame dull note, are cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than aſſes: Critics in general are venomous ſerpents, that delight in hiſſing; and ſome of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

Connoiſſeur, N°. 138.

CHAP. XII.

COUNTRY HOUSE.

That of a Citizen deſcribed.

SIR,

I REMEMBER to have ſeen a little French novel giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excurſion into the country. He imagines himſelf about to undertake a long voyage to ſome ſtrange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the moſt diſtant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is ſet on ſhore, he is amazed to ſee the people ſpeak the ſame language, wear the ſame dreſs, and uſe the

the ſame cuſtoms with himſelf. He, who had ſpent all his life within the ſight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris, as a foreigner; and though the utmoſt extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much ſurprized, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amuſements of Sunday, you have ſet forth in what manner our citizens paſs that day, which moſt of them devote to the country; but I wiſh you had been more particular in your deſcriptions of thoſe elegant rural manſions, which at once ſhew the opulence and the taſte of our principal merchants, mechanics and artificers.

I went laſt Sunday, in compliance with a moſt preſſing invitation from a friend, to ſpend the whole day with him at one of theſe little ſeats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from buſineſs. It is pleaſantly ſituated about three miles from London, on the ſide of a publick road, from which it is ſeparated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, conſiſting of two narrow planks, leading to the houſe. From the lower part of the houſe there is no proſpect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may ſee two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a diſtant view of St. Pauls cupola enveloped in a cloud of ſmoke. I ſet out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the houſe, I found my friend in a black velvet cap ſitting at the door ſmoking: he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me obſerve the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his houſe, where I was received by his

his lady, who made a thouſand apologies for being catched in ſuch a diſhabille.

The hall (for ſo I was taught to call it) had its white wall almoſt hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one ſide was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Manſion Houſe, with ſeveral leſſer views of the public buildings and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag finely coloured by Mr. Overton: cloſe by the parlour-door there hung a pair of ſtag's horns; over which there was laid acroſs a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a ſnuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waiſtcoat trimmed with gold, one hand ſtuck in the boſom of his ſhirt, and the other holding out a letter with this ſuperſcription: "To Mr. ——, Common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a ſcarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been ſheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the firſt. Madam herſelf filled up a pannel on the oppoſite ſide, in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs, ſmelling to a noſegay, and ſtroaking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to ſee what he has pleaſed to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each ſide with lillies and coxcombs, ſupported by ſome old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end

end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little ſquare building ſurrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taſte had turned into a temple, by erecting ſome battlements and ſpires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occaſion.

As the riches of a country are viſible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to ſay that the preſent ſtate of England is very flouriſhing and proſperous; and if our taſte for building encreaſes with our opulence for the next century, we ſha'l be able to boaſt of finer country-ſeats belonging to our ſhopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the moſt pompous deſcriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-ſeats belonging to Pliny, Hortenſius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were Patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chineſe-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman paſtry-cook? Or could any of their ſhoe-makers or taylors boaſt a villa with his tin caſcades, paper ſtatues, and Gothic root-houſes? Upon the above principles we may expect, that poſterity will perhaps ſee a cheeſe-monger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiſwick, and an *ornithon* in a fiſhmonger's garden at Putney.

Connoiſſeur, No. 33.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

CONSCIENCE.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

For we truſt *we have a good conſcience.*

TRUST! truſt we have a good conſcience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the moſt indiſputable evidence, it muſt be this very thing,—whether he has a good conſcience or no.

If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a ſtranger to the true ſtate of this account;—he muſt be privy to his own thoughts and deſires;——he muſt remember his paſt purſuits, and know certainly the true ſprings and motives, which, in general, have governed the actions of his life.

In other matters we may be deceived by falſe appearances; and, as the wiſe man complains, *hardly do we gueſs aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herſelf;—is conſcious of the web ſhe has wove;—knows its texture and fineneſs, and the exact ſhare which every paſſion has had in working upon the ſeveral deſigns which virtue and vice has planned before her.

Now,—as conſcience is nothing elſe but the

knowledge which the mind has within herſelf of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or cenſure, which it unavoidably makes upon the ſucceſſive actions of our lives; 'tis plain you will ſay, from the very terms of the propoſition,—whenever this inward teſtimony goes againſt a man, and he ſtands ſelf-accuſed, that he muſt neceſſarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his ſide, and his heart condemns him not;——that it is not a matter of *truſt*, as the Apoſtle intimates,—but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the conſcience is good, and that the man muſt be good alſo.

At firſt ſight this may ſeem to be a true ſtate of the caſe; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon the mind of man,—that did no ſuch thing ever happen, as that the conſcience of a man, by long habits of ſin, might (as the ſcripture aſſures it may) inſenſibly become hard;—and, like ſome tender parts of his body, by much ſtreſs and continual hard uſage, loſe, by degrees, that nice ſenſe and perception with which God and nature endowed it:—Did this never happen;—or was it certain that ſelf-love could never hang the leaſt bias upon the judgment;—or that the little intereſts below, could riſe up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompaſs them about with clouds and thick darkneſs:———Could no ſuch thing as favour and affection enter this ſacred COURT:—Did WIT diſdain to take a bribe in it;—or was aſhamed to ſhew its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment:—Or, laſtly, were we aſſured, that IN-

TEREST

TEREST ſtood always unconcerned whilſt the cauſe was hearing,—and that Paſſion never got into the judgment-ſeat, and pronounced ſentence in the ſtead of reaſon, which is ſuppoſed always to preſide and determine upon the caſe: ——Was this truly ſo, as the objection muſt ſuppoſe;—no doubt then, the religious and moral ſtate of a man would be exactly what he himſelf eſteemed it;—and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better meaſure, than the degrees of his own approbation and cenſure.

I own, in one caſe, whenever a man's conſcience does accuſe him (as it ſeldom errs on that ſide) that he is guilty; and, unleſs in melancholy and hypochondriac caſes, we may ſafely pronounce upon it, that there is always ſufficient grounds for the accuſation.

But the converſe of the propoſition will not hold true;——namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conſcience muſt accuſe; and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact:—So that the common conſolation which ſome good chriſtian or other is hourly adminiſtering to himſelf,—that he thanks God his mind does not miſgive him; and that, conſequently, he has a good conſcience, becauſe he has a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at firſt ſight, yet, when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—you ſee it liable to ſo much error from a falſe application,—the principle upon which it goes ſo often perverted;—the whole force of it loſt, and ſometimes ſo vilely caſt away, that it is painful to produce the

common examples from human life which confirm the account.

A man ſhall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles; exceptionable in his conduct to the world; ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open commiſſion of a ſin which no reaſon or pretence can juſtify; a ſin, by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he ſhall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt; rob her of her beſt dowry; and not only cover her own head with diſhonour, but involve a whole virtuous family in ſhame and ſorrow for her ſake. Surely, you will think conſcience muſt lead ſuch a man a troubleſome life; he can have no reſt night or day from its reproaches.

Alas! CONSCIENCE had ſomething elſe to do, all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah* reproached the God *Baal*,——this domeſtic God *was either talking, or purſuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he ſlept and could not be awoke.*

Perhaps HE was gone out in company with HONOUR to fight a duel; to pay off ſome debt at play;——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his luſt: Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was engaged at home, talking loud againſt petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon ſome ſuch puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life ſecured him againſt all temptations of committing; ſo that he lives as merrily; ſleeps as ſoundly in his bed; and at laſt meets death as unconcernedly; perhaps much more ſo than a much better man.

Another is ſordid, unmerciful, a ſtrait-hearted, ſelfiſh wretch, incapable either of private

private friendſhip or public ſpirit. Take notice how he paſſes by the widow and orphan in their diſtreſs, and ſees all the miſeries incident to human life without a ſigh or a prayer.

Shall not conſcience riſe up and ſting him on ſuch occaſions? No; thank God there is no occaſion; *I pay every man his own*; *I have no fornication to anſwer to my conſcience*; *no faithleſs vows or promiſes to make up*; *I have debauched no man's wife or child*; *thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjuſt, or even as this libertine, who ſtands before me.*

A third is crafty and deſigning in his nature. View his whole life; 'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable ſubterfuges, baſely to defeat the true intent of all laws, plain dealing, and the ſafe enjoyment of our ſeveral properties.———You will ſee ſuch a one working out a frame of little deſigns upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man;—ſhall raiſe a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unſuſpecting temper of his friend, who would have truſted him with his life.

When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and ſtate it over again with his conſcience, ———CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES at LARGE;—finds no expreſs law broken by what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;—ſees no ſcourge waving over his head, or priſon opening his gates upon him:—What is there to affright his conſcience?—Conſcience has got ſafely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law; ſits there invulnerable, fortified with *Caſes* and

Reports ſo ſtrongly on all ſides;—that it is not preaching can diſpoſſeſs it of its hold.

A fourth man ſhall want even this refuge;—ſhall break through all this ceremony of ſlow chicane;———ſcorns the doubtful workings of ſecret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpoſe:—See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders.—Horrid!—But indeed much better was not to be expected, in the preſent caſe,—the poor man was in the dark!—his prieſt had got the keeping of his conſcience; and all he would let him know of it, was, That he muſt believe in the Pope; go to Maſs; croſs himſelf;—tell his beads;———be a good Catholic, and that this, in all conſcience, was enough to carry him to heaven. What; if he perjures!—Why; he had a mental reſervation in it—But if he is ſo wicked and abandoned a wretch as you repreſent him; if he robs,—if he ſtabs,—will not Conſcience, on every ſuch act, receive a wound itſelf? Aye, but the man has carried it to confeſſion;——the wound digeſts there, and will do well enough, and in a ſhort time be quite healed up by abſolution. O Popery! what haſt thou to anſwer for?—when, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itſelf above all things; thou haſt wilfully ſet open this wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go aſtray of himſelf; and confidently ſpeak peace to himſelf, when there is no peace.

Of this the common inſtances which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much

much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impoſſible for a man to be ſuch a bubble to himſelf,—I muſt refer him a moment to his own reflections, and will then venture to truſt my appeal with his own heart.

Let him conſider in how different a degree of deteſtation, numbers of wicked actions ſtand *there*, though equally bad and vicious in their own natures; he will ſoon find that ſuch of them, as ſtrong inclination and cuſtom have prompted him to commit, are generally dreſſed out and painted with all the falſe beauties, which a ſoft and a flattering hand can give them;—and that the others, to which he feels no propenſity, appear at once, naked and deformed, ſurrounded with all the true circumſtances of folly and diſhonour.

When David ſurprized Saul ſleeping in the cave, and cut off the ſkirt of his robe, we read his heart ſmote him for what he had done:—But in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant ſervant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his luſt,—where conſcience had ſo much greater reaſon to take the alarm, his heart ſmote him not. A whole year had almoſt paſſed from the firſt commiſſion of that crime, to the time Nathan was ſent to reprove him; and we read not once of the leaſt ſorrow or compunction of heart which he teſtified, during all that time, for what he had done,

Thus conſcience, this once able monitor,—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a juſt and equitable one too, by an unhappy train of cauſes and impediments, takes often ſuch imperfect cogni-

zance of what paſſes, does its office ſo negligently, ſometimes ſo corruptly, that it is not to be truſted alone; and therefore we find there is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſſity of joining another principle with it to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

So that if you would form a juſt judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be miſled in, namely, in that degree of real merit you ſtand either as an honeſt man, an uſeful citizen, a faithful ſubject to your king, or a good ſervant to your God, call in religion and morality. Look, What is written in the law of God? How readeſt thou?—Conſult calm reaſon and the unchangeable obligations of juſtice and truth; what ſay they?

Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon theſe reports; and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the caſe the Apoſtle ſuppoſes, the rule will be infallible; *thou wilt have confidence towards God*;—that is, have juſt grounds to believe the judgment thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the judgment of God; and nothing elſe but an anticipation of that righteous ſentence which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being, to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

Bleſſed is the man, indeed, then, as the author of the book of Eccleſiaſticus expreſſes it, *who is not pricked with the multitude of his ſins: Bleſſed is the man whoſe heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart* (a heart thus guided and informed) *he ſhall at all times rejoice in a chearful countenance; his mind ſhall tell him more than ſeven watch-men that ſit above upon a tower on high.*

In

In the darkeſt doubts it ſhall conduct him ſafer than a thouſand caſuiſts, and give the ſtate he lives in a better ſecurity for his behaviour than all the clauſes and reſtrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply:——*Forced*, I ſay, as things ſtand; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure neceſſity, brought in to fence againſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe conſciences which are no law unto themſelves; well intending, by the many proviſions made,—that in all ſuch corrupt and miſguided caſes, where principles and the checks of conſcience will not make us upright,———to ſupply their force, and, by the terrors of goals and halters, oblige us to it.

To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal meaſures of right and wrong:—The firſt of theſe will comprehend the duties of religion;—the ſecond, thoſe of morality, which are ſo inſeparably connected together, that you cannot divide theſe two tables, even in imagination (tho' the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually deſtroying them both.

I ſaid the attempt is often made, and ſo it is;——there being nothing more common than to ſee a man who has no ſenſe at all of religion, and indeed has ſo much honeſty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bittereſt affront, ſhould you but hint at a ſuſpicion of his moral character,—or imagine he was not conſcientiouſly juſt and ſcrupulous to the uttermoſt mite.

When there is ſome appearance that it is ſo,—tho' one is unwilling even to ſuſpect the ap-

pearance of ſo amiable a virtue as moral honeſty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the preſent caſe, I am perſuaded we ſhould find little reaſon to envy ſuch a one the honour of his motive.

Let him declaim as pompouſly as he chooſes upon the ſubject, it will be found to reſt upon no better foundation than either his intereſt, his pride, his eaſe, or ſome ſuch little and changeable paſſion as will give us but ſmall dependance upon his actions in matters of great ſtreſs.

As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion;—ſo, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality;—nevertheleſs, 'tis no prodigy to ſee a man whoſe real moral character ſtands very low, who yet entertains the higheſt notion of himſelf, in the light of a religious man.

He ſhall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,——but even wanting in points of common honeſty; yet, inaſmuch as he talks aloud againſt the infidelity of the age,——is zealous for ſome points of religion,——goes twice a day to church,——attends the ſacraments,——and amuſes himſelf with a few inſtrumental parts of religion,——ſhall cheat his conſcience into a judgment that, for this, he is a religious man, and has diſcharged truly his duty to God: and you will find that ſuch a man, through force of this deluſion, generally looks down with ſpiritual pride upon every other man who has leſs affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more moral honeſty than himſelf. *Sterne's Sermons.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

COURTS OF JUSTICE.

A Court is defined to be a place where juſtice is judicially adminiſtered. And, as by our excellent conſtitution the ſole executive power of the laws is veſted in the perſon of the king, it will follow that all courts of juſtice, which are the medium by which he adminiſters the laws, are derived from the power of the crown. For whether created by act of parliament, letters patent, or preſcription (the only methods of erecting a new court of judicature) the king's conſent, in the two former expreſsly, and in the latter impliedly, is given. In all theſe courts the king is ſuppoſed, in contemplation of law, to be always preſent; but as this is in fact impoſſible, he is there repreſented by his judges, whoſe power is only an emanation of the royal prerogative.

For the more ſpeedy, univerſal, and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice between ſubject and ſubject, the law hath appointed a prodigious variety of courts, ſome with a more limited, others with a more extenſive juriſdiction; ſome conſtituted to enquire only, others to hear and determine, ſome to determine in the firſt inſtance, others upon appeal, and by way of review. All theſe will be taken notice of in their turns; and I ſhall here only mention one diſtinction, that runs throughout them all; viz. ſome of them are courts *of record*, others *not of record*.

record. A court of record is that where the acts and judicial proceedings are enrolled in parchment for a perpetual memory and teſtimony; which rolls are called the records of the court, and are of ſuch high and ſupereminent authority, that their truth is not to be called in queſtion. For it is a ſettled rule and maxim, that nothing ſhall be averred againſt a record, nor ſhall any plea, or even proof, be admitted to the contrary. And if the exiſtence of a record be denied, it ſhall be tried by nothing but itſelf; that is, upon bare inſpection, whether there be any ſuch record or no; elſe there would be no end of diſputes. But if there appear any miſtake in making up ſuch record, the court will direct it to be amended. All courts of record are the king's courts, in right of his crown and royal dignity, and therefore no other court hath authority to fine and impriſon; ſo that the very erection of a new juriſdiction, with power of fine and impriſonment, makes it inſtantly a court of record. A court not of record is the court of a private man, whom the law will not intruſt with any diſcretional power over the fortune or liberty of his fellow-ſubjects. Such are the courts-baron incident to every manor, and other inferior juriſdictions, where the proceedings are not enrolled or recorded; but, as well their exiſtence as the truth of the matters therein contained, ſhall, if diſputed, be tried and determined by a jury. Theſe courts can hold no plea of matters cognizable by the common law, unleſs under the value of forty ſhillings; nor of any forcible injury whatſoever, not having any proceſs to arreſt the perſon of the defendant.

In

In every court there muſt be at leaſt three conſtituent parts, the *actor*, *reus*, and *judex*; the *actor*, or plaintiff, who complains of an injury done; the *reus*, or defendant, who is called upon to make ſatisfaction for it; and the *judex*, or judicial power, which is to determine the law ariſing upon the fact, and, if any injury appears to have been done, to aſcertain, and, by its officers, to apply the remedy. It is alſo uſual in the ſuperior courts to have attorneys and advocates, or counſel, as aſſiſtants.

An attorney at law anſwers to the procurator, or proctor, of the civilians and canoniſts. And he is one who is put in the place, ſtead, or turn of another, to manage his matters of law. Formerly every ſuitor was obliged to appear in perſon, to proſecute or defend his ſuit (according to the old Gothic conſtitution) unleſs by ſpecial licence under the king's letters patent. This is ſtill the law in criminal caſes. And an idiot cannot to this day appear by attorney, but in perſon; for he hath not diſcretion to enable him to appoint a proper ſubſtitute: and upon his being brought before the court in ſo defenceleſs a condition, the judges are bound to take care of his intereſts, and they ſhall admit the beſt plea in his behalf that any one preſent can ſuggeſt. But as in the Roman law, "*cum olim in uſu fuiſſet, alterius nomine agi non poſſe, ſed, quia hoc non minimam incommoditatem habebat, cœperunt homines per procuratores litigare*;" ſo with us, upon the ſame principle of convenience, it is now permitted, in general, by divers antient ſtatutes, whereof the firſt is ſtatute Weſt. 2. c. 10, that attorneys may be made to proſecute or defend any action in the abſence of the parties

of

of the ſuit. Theſe attorneys are now formed into a regular corps; they are admitted to the execution of their office by the ſuperior courts of Weſtminſter-hall, and are in all points officers of the reſpective courts in which they are admitted: and as they have many privileges on account of attendance there, ſo they are peculiarly ſubject to the cenſure and animadverſion of the judges. No man can practiſe as an attorney in any of thoſe courts, but ſuch as is admitted and ſworn an attorney of that particular court: an attorney in the court of King's-Bench cannot practiſe in the court of Common-Pleas; nor *vice verſa*. To practiſe in the court of chancery, it is alſo neceſſary to be admitted a ſollicitor therein: and by the ſtatute 22 Geo. II. c. 46, no perſon ſhall act as an attorney at the court of quarter ſeſſions, but ſuch as has been regularly admitted in ſome ſuperior court of record. So early as the ſtatute 4 Hen. IV. c. 18, it was enacted, that attorneys ſhould be examined by the judges, and none admitted but ſuch as were virtuous, learned, and ſworn to do their duty. And many ſubſequent ſtatutes have laid them under farther regulations.

Of advocates, or (as we generally call them) counſel, there are two ſpecies or degrees; barriſters and ſerjeants. The former are admitted after a conſiderable period of ſtudy, or at leaſt ſtanding, in the inns of court; and are in our old books ſtiled apprentices, *apprenticii ad legem*, being looked upon as merely learners, and not qualified to execute the full office of an advocate till they were ſixteen years ſtanding; at which time, according to Forteſcue, they might be called to the degree of ſerjeants, or

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ſervientes ad legem. How ancient and honourable this ſtate and degree is, the form, ſplendor, and profits attending it, have been ſo fully diſplayed by many learned writers, that they need not be here enlarged on. I ſhall only obſerve, that ſerjeants at law are bound by a ſolemn oath to do their duty to their clients: and that, by cuſtom, the judges of the courts of Weſtminſter are always admitted into this venerable order, before they are advanced to the bench; the original of which was probably to qualify the *puiſne* barons of the Exchequer to become juſtices of aſſiſe, according to the exigence of the ſtatute of 14 Edw. III. c. 16. From both theſe degrees ſome are uſually ſelected to be his majeſty's counſel learned in the law; the two principal of whom are called his attorney, and ſollicitor-general. The firſt king's counſel, under the degree of ſerjeant, was Sir Francis Bacon, who was made ſo *honoris cauſa*, without either patent or fee; ſo that the firſt of the modern order (who are now the ſworn ſervants of the crown with an annual ſalary) ſeem to have been Sir Francis North, afterwards keeper of the great ſeal to king Charles II. Theſe king's counſel anſwer in ſome meaſure to the advocates of the revenue, *advocati fiſci*, among the Romans. For they muſt not be employed in any cauſe againſt the crown without ſpecial licence: in which reſtriction they agree with the advocates of the fiſc: but in the imperial law the prohibition was carried ſtill farther, and perhaps was more for the dignity of the ſovereign; for excepting ſome particular cauſes, the fiſcal advocates were not permitted to be at all concerned in private ſuits between ſubject and ſubject.

A cuſtom

A cuſtom has of late years prevailed of granting letters patent of precedence to ſuch barriſters, as the crown thinks proper to honour with that mark of diſtinction; whereby they are intitled to ſuch rank and pre-audience, as are aſſigned in their reſpective patents; ſometimes next after the king's attorney-general, but uſually after his majeſty's counſel then being. Theſe (as well as the queen's attorney and ſollicitor-general) rank promiſcuouſly with the king's counſel, and together with them ſit within the bar of the reſpective courts; but receive no ſalaries, and are not ſworn; and therefore are at liberty to be retained in cauſes againſt the crown. And all the other ſerjeants and barriſters indiſcriminately (except in the court of Common-Pleas, where only ſerjeants are admitted) may take upon them the protection and defence of any ſuitors, whether plaintiff or defendant; who are therefore called there their clients, like the dependants upon the ancient Roman orators. Thoſe indeed practiſed gratis, for honour merely, or at moſt for the ſake of gaining influence; and ſo likewiſe it is eſtabliſhed with us, that a counſel can maintain no action for his fees; which are given, not as *locatio vel conductio*, but as *quiddam honorarium*; not as a ſalary or hire, but as a mere gratuity, which a counſellor cannot demand without doing wrong to his reputation: as is alſo laid down with regard to advocates in the civil law, whoſe *honorarium* was directed by a decree of the ſenate not to exceed in any caſe ten thouſand ſeſterces, or about eighty pounds of Engliſh money. And in order to encourage due freedom of ſpeech in the lawful defence of their clients, and at the ſame time to give a

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check to the unſeemly licentiouſneſs of proſtitute and illiberal men (a few of whom may ſometimes inſinuate themſelves even into the moſt honourable profeſſions) it hath been holden that a counſel is not anſwerable for any matter by him ſpoken, relative to the cauſe in hand, and ſuggeſted by his client's inſtruction; although it ſhould reflect upon the reputation of another, and even prove abſolutely groundleſs: but if he mentions an untruth of his own invention, or even upon inſtructions, if it be impertinent to the cauſe in hand, he is then liable to an action from the party injured. And counſel guilty of deceit or colluſion are puniſhable by the ſtatute Weſtm. 1. 3. Edw. 1. c. 28, with impriſonment for a year and a day, and perpetual ſilence in the courts: a puniſhment ſtill ſometimes inflicted for groſs miſdemeanors in practice.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

CHAP. XV.

CUNNING.

Its nature defined, and illuſtrated by characters.

WHATEVER is uſeful or honourable will be deſired by many who never can obtain it, and that which cannot be obtained when it is deſired, artifice or folly will be diligent to counterfeit. Thoſe to whom fortune has denied gold and diamonds decorate themſelves with ſtones and metals which have ſome-

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thing of the ſhow but little of the value; and every moral excellence or intellectual faculty has ſome vice or folly which imitates its appearance.

Every man wiſhes to be wiſe, and they who cannot be wiſe are almoſt always cunning. The leſs is the real diſcernment of thoſe whom buſineſs or converſation brings together, the more illuſions are practiſed, nor is caution ever ſo neceſſary as with aſſociates or opponents of feeble minds.

Cunning differs from wiſdom, as twilight from open day. He that walks in the ſunſhine goes boldly forward by the neareſt way; he ſees that where the path is ſtraight and even he may proceed in ſecurity, and where it is rough and crooked, he eaſily complies with the turns and avoids the obſtructions. But the traveller in the duſk fears more as he ſees leſs; he knows there may be danger, and therefore ſuſpects that he is never ſafe, tries every ſtep before he fixes his foot, and ſhrinks at every noiſe leſt violence ſhould approach him. Wiſdom comprehends at once the end and the means, eſtimates eaſineſs or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion. Cunning diſcovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of ſtratagems and ſuperfluity of ſuſpicion. The man of cunning always conſiders that he can never be too ſafe, and therefore always keeps himſelf enveloped in a miſt, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curioſity.

Upon this principle, Tom Double has formed a habit of eluding the moſt harmleſs queſtion. What

What he has no inclination to anſwer, he pretends ſometimes not to hear, and endeavours to divert the enquirer's attention by ſome other ſubject; but if he be preſſed hard by repeated interrogation, he always evades a direct reply. Aſk him whom he likes beſt on the ſtage? he is ready to tell that there are ſeveral excellent performers. Enquire when he was laſt at the coffee-coffee, he replies, that the weather has been bad lately. Deſire him to tell the age of any of his acquaintance, he immediately mentions another who is older or younger.

Will Puzzle values himſelf upon a long reach. He foreſees every thing before it will happen, though he never relates his prognoſtications till the event is paſt. Nothing has come to paſs for theſe twenty years of which Mr. Puzzle had not given broad hints, and told at leaſt that it was not proper to tell. Of thoſe predictions, which every concluſion will equally verify, he always claims the credit, and wonders that his friends did not underſtand them. He ſuppoſes very truly that much may be known which he knows not, and therefore pretends to know much of which he and all mankind are equally ignorant. I deſired his opinion yeſterday of the German war, and was told, that if the Pruſſians were well ſupported ſomething great may be expected, but that they have very powerful enemies to encounter, that the Auſtrian general has long experience, and the Ruſſians are hardy and reſolute; but that no human power is invincible. I then drew the converſation to our own affairs, and invited him to ballance the probabilities of war and peace; he told me that war requires courage

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and negociation judgment, and that the time will come when it will be ſeen whether our ſkill in treaty is equal to our bravery in battle. To this general prattle he will appeal hereafter, and will demand to have his fore-ſight applauded, whoever ſhall at laſt be conquered or victorious.

With Ned Smuggle all is a ſecret. He believes himſelf watched by obſervation and malignity on every ſide, and rejoices in the dexterity by which he has eſcaped ſnares that never were laid. Ned holds that a man is never deceived if he never truſts, and therefore will not tell the name of his taylor or his hatter; he rides out every morning for the air, and pleaſes himſelf with thinking that nobody knows where he has been; when he dines with a friend he never goes to his houſe the neareſt way, but walks up a bye-ſtreet to perplex the ſcent. When he has a coach called, he never tells him at the door the true place to which he is a going, but ſtops him in the way that he may give him directions where nobody can hear him. The price of what he buys or ſells is always concealed. He often takes lodgings in the country by a wrong name, and thinks that the world is wondring where he can be hid. All theſe tranſactions he regiſters in a book, which, he ſays, will ſome time or other amaze poſterity.

It is remarked by Bacon, that many men try to procure reputation only by objections, of which if they are once admitted the nullity never appears, becauſe the deſign is laid aſide. *This falſe feint of Wiſdom*, ſays he, *is the ruin of Buſineſs*. The whole power of cunning is privative; to ſay nothing, and do nothing, is the utmoſt

utmoſt of its reach. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are ſometimes able to riſe by the miſcarriages of bravery and the openneſs of integrity, and by watching failures and ſnatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters. *Idler.*

CHAP. XVI.

CURIOSITY.

THE love of variety, or curioſity of ſeeing new things, which is the ſame or at leaſt a ſiſter paſſion to it,—ſeems wove into the frame of every ſon and daughter of Adam; we uſually ſpeak of it as one of nature's levities, tho' planted within us for the ſolid purpoſes of carrying forwards the mind to freſh enquiry and knowledge: ſtrip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the preſent page; and we ſhould all of us reſt at eaſe with ſuch objects as preſented themſelves in the pariſh or province where we firſt drew breath.

It is to this ſpur which is ever in our ſides, that we owe the impatience of this deſire for travelling: the paſſion is no ways bad,—but as others are,—in it's miſmanagement or exceſs;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the purſuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and cuſtoms, and underſtand the government and intereſt of other nations,

tions,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more eaſily for converſation and diſcourſe;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nurſery miſtakes; and by ſhewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by taſting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by obſerving the addreſs and arts of men, to conceive what is ſincere,—and by ſeeing the difference of ſo many various humours and manners———to look into ourſelves and form our own.

This is ſome part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulſe of ſeeing new ſights, augmented with that of getting clear from all leſſons both of wiſdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the ſcene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original,—will it not be well if ſuch an adventurer, with ſo unpromiſing a ſetting out,—without care,—without compaſs,—be not caſt away for ever,—and may he not be ſaid to eſcape well—if he returns to his country, only as naked, as he firſt left it?

But you will ſend an able pilot with your ſon—a ſcholar.—

If wiſdom could ſpeak no other language but Greek or Latin,—you do well—or if mathematicks will make a gentleman,—or natural philoſophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of ſome ſervice in introducing your ſon into good ſocieties, and ſupporting him in them when he has done—but the upſhot will be generally this, that in the moſt preſſing occaſions of addreſs,

dreſs,—if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he ſhall be eſcorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on ſuch ſervices, and thrice made the tour of Europe, with ſucceſs.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is ſuch as my eyes have ſeen! ſome broken Swiſs valet de chambre,———ſome general undertaker, who will perform the journey, in ſo many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—ſome profit at leaſt,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every ſtage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the beſt inns,—inſtructed where there is the beſt wine, and ſup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himſelf. Look at our governor! I beſeech you:—ſee, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge and his uſe.

But when your ſon gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his ſociety with men of rank and letters, with whom he will paſs the greateſt part of his time.

Let me obſerve in the firſt place,—that company which is really good, is very rare—and very ſhy: but you have ſurmounted this difficulty; and procured him the beſt letters of recommendation to the moſt eminent and reſpectable in every capital.

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And I anſwer, that he will obtain all by them, which courteſy ſtrictly ſtands obliged to pay on ſuch occaſions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are ſo much deceived, as in the advantages propoſed from our connections and diſcourſe with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; eſpecially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or ſtudy.

Converſation is a traffick; and if you enter into it, without ſome ſtock of knowledge, to ballance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reaſon,—however it may be boaſted to the contrary, why travellers have ſo little (eſpecially good) converſation with natives,—owing to their ſuſpicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the converſation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their viſits.

The pain on theſe occaſions is uſually reciprocal; the conſequence of which is, that the diſappointed youth ſeeks an eaſier ſociety; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is ſoon finiſhed; and the poor prodigal returns the ſame object of pity, with the prodigal in the goſpel.

Sterne's Sermons.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.